REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2844.—vol. ciii.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1893.

TWO SHEETS SIXPENCE.



DEFIANCE! -- DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The existence of her Majesty's Buckhounds is still, I see, a topic for the denouncer, and sometimes in the very same journals in which rabbit-coursing is described at length. A carted deer is not a more attractive object to the true sportsman than a bagged fox, but as to the cruelty of the pursuit it seems monstrously exaggerated. The deer has at least a run for his money, or rather for his life, which the rabbit has not, and because he is larger he does not necessarily feel more. What makes the agitators rather contemptible is that they leave a hundred wrongs of an infinitely worse description untouched. There is, for example, a society-and a most excellent one-for the prevention of cruelty to children, but no agitation for its prevention; only somebody in the School Board thinks it shocking that the naughty boys of rich men should be flogged by head-masters, while those of poor men have to submit to that punishment from assistant-masters! The fact is that almost all field sports have an element of cruelty in them. Even a man so sympathising with the pursuits of his country neighbours as Walter Scott confesses that he could not stand the eyes of a dying blackcock, and gave up shooting in consequence; on the other hand, he delighted in coursing. An ingenious person can discover cruelties which are not patent to the naked eye. Leigh Hunt, a really tender-hearted man and certainly no cruelty-monger, expresses a violent indignation against the disciples of the gentle art, and even against old Izaak himself, whose work he nevertheless admired immensely. He allows that it "smells of the country air and of the flowers in cottage windows"; "but what," he asks, "are we to think of a man who, in the midst of the tortures of fish and 'bait,' is always valuing himself on his wonderful harmlessness, and who follows up one of his most complacent passages with an injunction to impale a worm twice on the hook, 'because it is lively and might get off'?" "Other joys are but toys," says Walton, a sentiment which Hunt ascribes to the want of thought bred by this pursuit rather than by its contemplative character. He thinks that old Izaak's face is extremely like a fish, hard, angular, and of no expression, as though it had been "subdued to what it worked in." Finally, he maintains that if a fish could utter any noise the sport would be made impossible, for "the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shricking fish." If some of this is fanciful and exaggerated, a much stronger case against the sport can be made than against stag-hunting, yet no one has a word to say against the anglers. Politics are probably at the bottom of this anomaly; it would be extremely difficult to make political capital out of our fishermen.

Among the new developments of literature there is just now an influx of children's letters. It seems a little hard to print without leave of their authors, and in defiance of the laws of copyright, what were certainly not intended for the public eye, but the result is amusing and even instructive. It is sad to note how, as the child grows into the boy, these literary records lose their innocence. Their object is generally twofold: the getting away from school, and the acquisition of pocket-money. To attain their ends any means seem to be justifiable, and a very favourite device is malingering. Let a doting mother beware lest in declining to summon her delicate offspring from uncongenial surroundings she may lose him. The Spectator, the other day, had a charming specimen of this kind, which is guaranteed to be genuine: "I might tell you I am very wretched, and my chilblains is worse again. . . . I am sorry to be such an expense, but I don't think this school is any good. . . . I hope Matilda's cold is better; I am glad she is not here. I think I have got consumption. Dear Ma, I hope you and Pa are well, and do not mind my being uncomfortable, because I do not think I shall last long. Please send me some more money, as i o eight pence. If you cannot spare it I think I could borrow it of a boy who is going to leave at the half-quarter, and then he won't ask for it back again, but perhaps you would not like to be under obligations to his parents, as they are tradespeople." From what I have seen of the correspondence of juveniles under similar circumstances, this is a typical letter, except the menace about the borrowed money, which is a stroke of exceptional sagacity. Whether genius needs the spur of necessity is a debatable question, but the want of pocket-money certainly quickens the youthful intelligence. In a public school, where the tone is very high, or, at all events, very highly paid for, I remember two instances of this. A youth was very injudiciously promised a sovereign by his sister if he would write a poem upon her baby boy. As he was known to write Latin verses, it was taken for granted he could write English ones, but this was an error. He found an old "keepsake" with lines to somebody's first-born in it; only, unfortunately, it was a girl, and what was worse, some of the rhymes depended on the sex. The work of adaptation was severe, but it was accomplished; a very pretty letter was written with the poem; and the poet obtained his crown—and, indeed, four crowns. Another case was that of a young gentleman who received half a sovereign from an aunt upon his birthday: he wrote to the old lady in a tone of rapturous gratitude, but indited another epistle to his mother, explaining that the present of "his good aunt" had been insufficient for his needs; and then he purposely placed them in the wrong envelopes—a device which proved eminently satisfactory in its results.

Everybody thinks he knows more than other people about something or another, if it is but cold-drawn castor oil; and as one who employs nearer 600 than 500 of them per annum, I claim to be an expert in four-wheeled cabs. As to the question between masters and men, I can give no opinion, though some of the allegations surprise me. It is quite true that there is an overplus of hansoms; they are as numerous as flies in summer, and also in the winter; but of the "growlers" there are by no means too many. Again, it may be true that the drivers of the former are too young, which with the latter is certainly not the case. When I see a young Jehu with a four-wheeler, I conclude he has stolen it; and he always drives at full speed, probably with the idea of preventing its recognition. My experience is that, as a general rule, the drivers of four-wheeled cabs do not enter the profession until they have passed their grand elimacteric. Years have brought to them the philosophic mind, and nothing moves them in the way of shouts or gestures. They do not favour the fare with their attention, so long as he remains on the pavement, but insist on his wading to them through the Many of these cabs are greatly improved, but the majority are still in a decrepit condition. The hansom cabman takes a pride in his vehicle, but not so his brother of the whip. His door-handle is not to be turned save by a Hercules; all it wants is a little grease, but if you reprove him with this defect he inquires how in these days he is to afford the luxury of such a thing, as if it was oil of Lucca. The pegs on the doors are generally wanting; who takes them, or for what purpose (unless for cribbage pegs) none can tell. So if you want air in moderation you have to hold on to the strap, like the page at the back of Lord Tom Noddy's cabriolet. If these little things were attended to my four-wheeled friends would derive much more benefit than from any appeal to the

The slight acquaintance I have had with those of my fellow-countrymen who were professional thieves has not impressed me with their sense of humour. They were clever, of course, but certainly not humorous. In fiction, it is true, we have had the Artful Dodger, who, like his friend Mr. Charles Bates, had a great flow of animal spirits, and the word "rogue," and still more the adjective "roguish," have some suggestion of drollery; but, as a rule, your English thief, to judge by the voluminous records we have of him, is a dull fellow. Even Mr. George Barrington, who stands at the head of his profession, and had many gifts, had no geniality. The rogue of Spain was full of it; and, indeed, seems to have monopolised whatever of this quality was to be found in his nation. The adventures of Vidocq, before, upon the plan of making a gamekeeper out of a poacher, he was made head of the police, are interspersed with all kinds of amusing stories. The rogues of Italy, though they made too little of murder to be entertaining to persons of proper feeling, are described as full of agreeable tricks. In England we have had Claude Duval-like Barrington, a very gentlemanly person, but with more grace than fun about him; and Turpin, who, because he could ride, is supposed to have been a pleasant fellow, but the only stroke of humour recorded of him was a coarse practical joke—the putting an old lady on the fire to extract information about her portable property. Under these circumstances the late alleged doings of the pseudo-military gentleman at Bournemouth should be welcome, as rescuing his profession from the charge of want of appreciation of a joke. He has been accused, one most sincerely hopes falsely, of some misdemeanour or another, with which we have nothing to do, but what is admitted about him, as regards his sense of humour, is nothing less than delightful, and reflects the highest credit upon him. Most people who want to enjoy a joke must needs let somebody else into the secret, but this fellow had all the laugh to himself, and was totally independent of adventitious aids. To personate successfully a couple of earls, and also an officer of distinction empowered to suppress disturbances in the Midlands, is not a gift that belongs to everybody; but to do it in full uniform, travelling on her Majesty's service, with incidental visits to various military and naval stations, where he is received with respect due to one upon inspection duty, and at night has red and blue lights burnt in his honour, and all for fun-for he seems to have had no other motive-is, as a practical joke, absolutely unrivalled. I am told that the confidential manner in which he promised certain young officers promotion left the most agreeable impression on their minds.

It is certainly remarkable that so much discussion should have taken place as to the authorship of "Riflemen, Form," when the poem is to be found in Tennyson's works, but as a matter of fact even such a proof as that is not necessarily final. There is an essay by almost as great a writer, whom we may call A, to be found to-day among the published writings of another literary man, B,

though no "indolent reviewer" has, so far as I know, chanced to discover it. They were, when in this world, intimate friends, with much the same tastes and pursuits, only the greater of the two was more averse to work, and more given to enjoy himself than the other. My theory of the duplicate essay is that one fine day A said to his friend, "Heigho! how I should like to go to Richmond! My stars and garters, how T. T. would swear though, when my copy didn't reach him to-night!" "What's it about? Go to Richmond, and I'll write it for you," answered B good-naturedly, and this was accordingly done. In course of time, all that could die of A died, and the same thing happened to B, only more completely The one left his "works" behind him; the other but a single volume, and that essay appears in both publications. in the one case printed from print, in the other from B's own manuscript. What a fuss there would have been over the authorship of that if the duplication had been discovered by the curious, which, so far as I know, it never has been! I have known an author, sufficiently popular to have copyists of his style, to be absolutely in doubt, when preparing a volume of collected tales for republication, whether he had written a certain story or not. He asked me what I thought about it, which struck me as very funny. It seemed one of those cases where a man's own opinion on a matter should have more weight than that of an outsider. It is not unprecedented that in the works of a voluminous author the same story, or essay, or poem, appears in duplicate; such want of carefulness and attention-and in more than one person, of course-seems incredible, but an example of it lies before me as I write these lines. In cases where the author employs the same publisher, the matter is of no material consequence, but if otherwise, there may be "wigs on the green."

It is curious, considering the hold which their characters have had upon the minds of our great novelists while in process of creation, how quickly they fade from their memory; it is not too much to say that they remain longer in that of their readers than in their own. It seems a beneficent arrangement by which the mind of the storyteller, so soon as the story is told, becomes a tabula rasa, a palimpsest on which to construct another. This is, at least, the account I have had of the matter, in some cases from their own lips. I have known one of them take up an early novel of his own and read it with the same interest as though it had been written by another hand, the very plot of the story having altogether faded from his recollection. It is an amazing circumstance when one considers that perhaps for nine months, and even longer, he had thought of little else. Moreover, a novelist, so far as I know, never dreams of his own story, even when he is writing it—a fact which seems to disprove the theory that dreams are suggested by the subject on which the mind has been occupied during the day. The saying of Sir Walter Scott, "Byron's, of course," when one of his own songs was sung in his presence, is not really so pathetic as it seems to be, for though the incident took place when he was in the sere and yellow leaf, it might have happened to him

The clergy of all denominations are being attacked again on account of their long sermons. "A quarter of an hour" is suggested to them as the extreme limit of an effectual discourse, and even that sermons should form a distinct service, "so that people might go to it or not" as they pleased. This seems a little hard upon our preachers, and to make no allowance for temptation. Once only in very early manhood have I ever been in a position to appreciate the greatness of it, and circumstances of an urgent character alone prevented my succumbing to it. I really felt, having once enchained my congregation (an open-air one, whose coppers were my pew rents) that I could have gone on for ever, had the starting of the last boat to Woolwich admitted of delay, and yet I was liable to interruption and even contradiction, which in the case of a more authorised minister does not happen. Thackeray has expressed an aspiration to have just for once the opportunity of expressing his ideas in a pulpit, without opposition or criticism, amid an obligatory and delightful silence. If I had the chance myself, I feel that nothing would stop me till I had got to the end, so to speak, of my third volume, and this consciousness makes me charitable to the long-winded. "And now," said the preacher of old, turning the hour-glass which in those days was placed upon the ledge before him as a reminder to be merciful, "we will have another glass together." His metaphor was singularly appropriate, for he was suffering from the intoxication of pulpit eloquence. It is on this account that extempore discourses are so dangerous: the preacher knows that he has been endowed with a fine flow of words, yet may be unaware that ideas to mix with them have been denied him. Lay persons who are similarly situated have the circumstance brought home to them quickly enough, but few venture to criticise the clergy-except the clergy. They don't often have the chance of "sitting under" one another, but when they do they express their opinions freely. Robert Hall was asked what he thought of a certain preacher. "A remarkable man in his line, Sir; soft preaching is his line; a remarkably good she preacher."

## THE PLAYHOUSES. BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The playgoer of London ought to be the most fortunate of men. For in this wonderful and, to my mind, beautiful city he will find entertainments of every class and character. It cannot be said that his dramatic education is cramped or restricted, or denied that it is of a generous and liberal character. Does he require to be educated, does he believe that the drama has indeed a mission, and will, if taken in hearty doses, enlighten his soul, he can sit at the feet of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and study "The Tempter." If he be a very advanced radical indeed, he can wait patiently for the performances of the Independent Theatre Society, and expect a liberal gift from the purse of Fortunatus kept so carefully and loyally by Mr. Grein. Should his tendencies be liberal-unionist, he can enjoy the comedy of Mr. Sydney Grundy and encourage the literary aspirations of Mr. Comyns Carr. An obstinate John Bull Tory of the old school, he can drink his port wine and go off to see a despised melodrama at the Adelphi or Drury Lane. If his craze be stage dancing, and he considers a pirouette a poem and an entrechat an elegy, he can be comforted or disillusioned at the Lyric,

disillusioned at the Lyric, where some of the young ladies have not apparently made up their minds whether they are dancers or acrobats, and where an attempt has been made to bring irto public repute those curious exercises that the Parisian student of old encouraged at Mabille or the Closerie des Lilas, and the youth of to-day beholds with amazement at the Moulin Rouge, the Casino, or the Valentino. If he be a confirmed cynic and boldly thanks his stars that he is destitute of what are known as the finer feelings, and could not shed a sentimental tear if he were asked to do so, if he is careless and indifferent tearless. indifferent to good man-ners or taste, if he delights to chuckle over the trans-gressions of the typical chorus-girl at the Gaiety, to ridicule the *fine fleur* of the English army, and to the English army, and to squirt dirty water at religion and its professors, established or disestablished, he can repair instantly to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where he will find plenty to amuse him, and where he can be cynical and satirical to his heart's delight, naturally at the expense of his neighbours. expense of his neighbours.

It would not be difficult to raise primary objections to many of these lighter entertainments recently produced. Mixed up with the inexcusable carelessness that has already received due comment are a good deal of cleverness and a modicum of fun, and if it be true to say that the music-halls are, as a rule, indulging in a thorough cleansing, setting their houses in order and appealing to a better class of people, on the other hand it can scarcely be denied that very many of the theatres are consoling themselves for a recent want of patronage by an excess of daring. Whether such a course will defeat itself in the end we shall all see in good time. My

own opinion, after a pretty long experience, is that in theatres, as elsewhere, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." In other words, it pays best in the long run to be sound rather than sensational. But, after all, it is pleasanter to congratulate than to pick holes. It was not likely that authors so well known and respected as Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Cecil Raleigh would go far astray with their book. They have given us some capital jokes and written some remarkably clever songs, and I only wish that they had the benefit of a better dramatic company to do them justice. Mr. E. J. Lonnen is an untring and excellent dancer, and an industrious comedian who does his very best for every part or song entrusted to him. Miss May Yohé and Miss Eva Moore are both clever and sprightly, and naturally have their admirers. I only wish that I could number myself among the enthusiasts who see the acting and hear the singing in "Little Columbus," and tell us that the days of Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie have come back again. Honestly I cannot think so, and I shall not say so to please any body.

On the other hand, the acting and singing in "A Gaiety Girl" are quite first class. Good as Miss Lottie Venne has ever been for many a merry year, I have never seen her to such advantage as in this new play, but I feel certain that the tone of the part must have jarred with her personal convictions. It is worth while going to see

"A Gaiety Girl" for the sake of hearing Mr. Hayden Coffin sing the Henry Hamilton version of the eternal Tommy Atkins, which he does in excellent spirit and taste, and, moreover, to congratulate the young singer on his vastly improved style and method in the love romance, that comes rather too late in the evening but is very welcome indeed when it does come. Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. Fred Kaye are always neat and quaint, and a surprising success was made by Miss Maud Hobson, who may now turn her attention to comedy or even to drama. She is far too good for a mere figurante, for in this instance we have not only beauty but brains.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

The death of this eminent French military commander and statesman, at his residence, the Château de la Forêt, on Tuesday, Oct. 17, had been preceded by an illness from which, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was not likely to recover. Under the Emperor

BORN JULY 13, 1803.

THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Napoleon III. he bore the title of Duc de Mageuta, in commemoration of the first important victory won by the French army in the Italian War of 1859. But General MacMahon had already, in 1856, gained a European reputation in the Crimean War as commander of the assault by French and English troops on the Malakoff redoubt before Sebastopol, on Sept. 8 in that year. He was remotely of Irish descent, as might be supposed from his family name; his paternal ancestors were among the exiles from Ireland after the final defeat of the adherents of James II. at Limerick and Aughrim, two hundred years ago. Marie Edmé Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, born at Sully, in France, July 13, 1808, was educated at the military school of St. Cyr, accompanied the French army to Algeria in 1830, and served there over twenty years, attaining distinction and promotion on several occasions. In 1855 he succeeded General Canrobert in command of a division in the Crimea, where he won the honours already noticed. For his achievements in the campaign of 1859 against the Austrians in Lombardy, when he led the French and Sardinian troops into Milan, riding beside King Victor Emmanuel, he was appointed a Marshal of France, and was created Duke of Magenta. In 1864 he became Governor-General of Algeria. At the outbreak of the war between France and Germany in 1870, Marshal MacMahon was entrusted with the command of the First

Army Corps, in Alsace, but the beginning of hostilities was disastrous; on Aug. 6, at Wörth, he suffered a complete defeat at the hands of the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the German Emperor Frederick, and was compelled to retire on the road towards Paris. The Emperor Napoleon III. accompanied the retreat, but instead of returning to Paris preferred marching through the Ardennes to Sedan, probably in the hope of being joined by Marshal Bazaine with the army then beleaguered at Metz. This hope proved vain, and the battle of Sedan, on Sept. 1, overthrew the French Empire, Napoleon III., with his whole army, being captured and sent into Germany as prisoners of war. In the early hours of the day, at the commencement of that great battle, Marshal MacMahon held the chief military command, but was disabled by a severe wound in the thigh, from a fragment of shell that struck him while sitting on horseback. The nominal command then devolved on General Wimpffen, who surrendered the town and army by orders of the Emperor. Marshal MacMahon returned to France in March 1871, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army at Versailles under the Provisional Government formed by M. Thiers. He conducted the siege of Paris during the insurrection of the Com-

of Paris during the insurrection of the Communists, and secured the restoration of civil order. In May 1873, when M. Thiers resigned the Presidency of the French Republic, the Assembly almost unanimously elected Marshal MacMahon his successor. He held the Presidency, with Ministers of the Conservative party, the Duc de Broglie, M. Magne, M. Fourtou, the Duc Decazes, and others, till the end of 1877, when he was obliged to give way to more advanced Republicans. The integrity and patriotism of Marshal MacMahon have never been questioned, but he was always in favour of restoring Monarchy in France.

## THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON AT TOULON.

On Friday, Oct. 13, at noon, the Russian naval squadron, consisting of the Imperator Nicholai I., flag - ship, the Admiral Nachimoff, the Pamiat Azova, the Rynda, and the Teretz, under command of Rear - Admiral Avellan, entered the French Mediterranean port of Toulon. Those ships were described by us last week, except the Teretz, which took the place of the Dmitri Donskoi, and is a small gun-vessel. They joined the French fleet lying in the harbour, having been met and escorted thither by a flotilla of lighter vessels, and were received with salutes of thirteen guns. The combined French and Russian fleet was moored in four lines, so that each of the large Russian ironclads was accompanied by four first-class French battle-ships or armed cruisers. The Admirals of each nation, respectively, having exchanged formal visits on board their flagships, Admiral Avellan landed and went to the Prefecture and to the Hôtel de Ville; he was received by the French

DIED OCT. 17, 1893.

Bailed and went to the Prefecture and to the Hôtel de Ville; he was received by the French Minister of Marine.

Admiral Rieunier, by the Prefect of the Var, M. Bret, and the Sub-Prefect, and by the Mayor of Toulon, also by M. Humbert, President of the Paris Municipal Council. The town and all the vessels in the docks and harbour were decorated with more than a hundred thousand flags and were splendidly illuminated in the evening. Next day began the series of Toulon fêtes and entertainments, attended by the Russian Admiral and staff and by parties of his officers and seamen.

## THE BRAZILIAN INSURRECTION.

Little or nothing, for some days past, has been added by the news telegrams from Brazil to our means of forming a judgment on the probable result of the conflict still going on between the President, Marshal Floriano Peixoto, with his military garrison, and the naval squadron, under Admiral Custodio José de Mello, for the possession of the capital city, Rio de Janeiro. On Monday, Oct. 16, the commanders of foreign ships of war and the representatives of foreign Governments at Rio had intimated that they would not allow any further bombardment of the city; and Peixoto's Government, relying upon this protection, has withdrawn its batteries at the Morro de Castello, San Benito, Livramento, and Boa Vista. But Nichteroy, on the shore of the bay opposite to the city, is still frequently bombarded. The inhabitants of Rio are daily excited by these events.



THE BRAZILIAN INSURRECTION.—DAILY SCARE AT RIO DE JANEIRO: READING THE TELEGRAMS AT A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE GRIFFIN AT TEMPLE BAR. BY C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.



THE LATE CHARLES BELL BIRCH, A.R.A.

THE LATE MR. C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A. The death of Mr. Charles Bell Birch, the well-known

The death of Mr. Charles Bell Birch, the well-known sculptor, removes an interesting and prominent figure from the world of art. Mr. Birch died on Monday, Oct. 16, at the age of sixtyone, having been born in Brixton in 1832. For many years he was a student of the Berlin Royal Academy.

It was in Berlin, in 1852, that he produced his first important work, a bust of the late Earl of Westmorland, at that time Ambassador to Prussia. On his return to England Mr. Birch entered the studio of the late Mr. Foley, R.A., where for ten years he acted as principal assistant; in 1864 he was the successful competitor at an Art Union competition, where his subject, "The Wood Nymph," carried off the prize of £600. For many years Mr. Birch was acting as a wood-engraver, and much of his work may be seen in the pages of this Journal, as well as in other publications. His equestrian group, "The Last Call," exhibited at the Royal Academy, which is here reproduced, was the proximate cause of his election to the Associateship of the Royal Academy in 1880. It is, perhaps, by the work which we reproduce here, the famous Griffin, which looks down reproduce here, the famous Griffin, which looks down upon us from the site of Temple Bar, that Mr. Birch is most widely known to the while although a more list. public, although a mere list of his statues would make a formidable catalogue. At a later period he devoted At a later period he devoted himself to producing statues for public buildings in this country and the colonies, and many of these were marked by considerable vigour and massiveness. In his more imaginative work— amongst which must be in-cluded the silver statuettes and race cups for which he received frequent commis-sions, he allowed his fancy fuller play, but as a rule his work suffered from the constant pressure under which it was produced.



"THE LAST CALL."- BY C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

### HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, remains at Balmoral. A seventeenth great-grandchild of our Queen was born, in Roumania, at the Palace of Sinaia, on Sunday, Oct. 15. The Crown Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was happily delivered of an infant son.

The Prince of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, visited South London, to open two new public buildings, both in Peckham Road—namely, the Fine Art Gallery, Library, and Lecture Hall, erected at the sole expense of Mr. Passmore Edwards, and the Central Free Public Library, to which Mr. George Livesey and Mr. William Minet have chiefly contributed, while the vestry of Camberwell has provided an adjacent recreation-ground. The Prince was received at the South London Fine Art Gallery by Sir James Linton, President of the Royal Institute, with Lady Linton, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir Raymond West, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., the Bishop of Rochester, the Dean of Rochester, and others. This building, of which Messrs. Ernest George and Peto are the architects, has The Prince of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, Messrs. Ernest George and Peto are the architects, has been constructed by Messrs. Prestige, of Pimlico. Its hall, a fine apartment with open roof, contains a good collection of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings, valued at

At the Central Free Public Library were the Lord Mayor of London, several members of the Corporation and of the

London County Council, Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., Mr. F. G. Banbury, M.P., and Mr. G. Crispe Whiteley, Chairman of the Library Commissioners. The new Free Library building has been erected from the designs of Mr. Robert P. Whellock, architect, and under his superintendence, by Mr. J. O. Richardson, builder and contractor, of Peckham. It is in the Renaissance style, with a tower above the entrance-porch, which has fine polished granite columns. It comprises a lending library and a reference library, already containing 20,000 volumes, a maga zine-room, a newspaper-room, and a board-room. Mr. E. Foskett is chief librarian.

The Duke of Connaught, on Monlay, Oct. 16, opened a new recreation-room at the Church of England Soldiers' Institute, Aldershot. The Duchess of Teck, on Oct. 14, laid the foundation-stone of a church at Richmond in memory of the Rev. Canon Hale.

On Saturday, Oct. 14. a laboratory of human anatomy, erected in connection with the Oxford University Museum, was opened by the Vice-Chancellor, and an address was delivered by Sir W. Turner, professor of anatomy in the Medical School of Edinburgh University.

The Princess of Wales, with her two unmarried daughters, on Oct. 18 left Den-mark, on board the royal yacht Osborne, to return to England.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh) has gone to Dresden, on a visit to the King of Saxony.

The Emperor Alexander III. of Russia. the Czarevitch, before taking leave of the King and Queen of Denmark at Copenhagen, visited a French war-ship, the Isly, and was received with all the naval honours.

The Russian naval officers from the squadron at Toulon arrived in Paris on Tuesday morning, Oct. 17, and were escorted by the Republican Guards to the Cercle Militaire, Republican Guards to the Cercle Militaire, where about two thousand French officers assembled to greet them. After attending worship at the Greek Church in the Rue Daru, Admiral Avellan and his staff visited President Carnot at the Elysée, the President of the Senate, M. Challemel Lacour, at the Luxembourg, and M. Casimir Périer, President of the Chamber of Deputies. The Parisian fètes prepared with great magnificence for the entertainment of the Russian visitors continue a whole week. continue a whole week

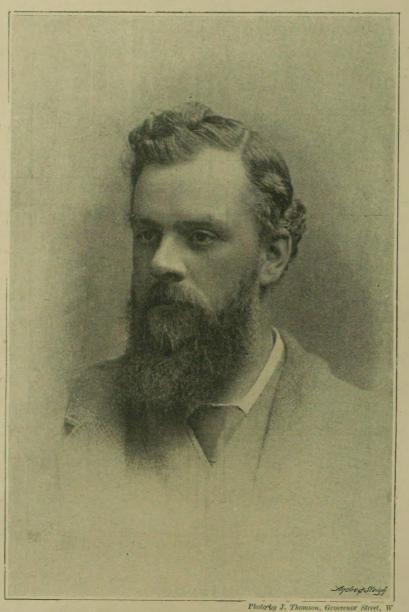
The British Mediterranean squadron, under the command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, arrived in the harbour of Taranto, Southern Italy, on Monday, Oct. 16, escorted by the great ironclad ship Italia, and was received with special honours by Admirals Turi and Corsi, and by the local Italian cuthorities.

France has to regret, in these days, the death of Marshal MacMahon and that of M. Gounod, the eminent musical composer, which we notice separately, while any day may bring news of the death of M. Ferdinand de

Our own home affairs, during the past week, have not been eventful. Lord Salisbury on Tuesday Oct. 17 delivered a political speech to the Unionists at Preston, in Lancashire, while Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, addressed a Gladstonian meeting at Glasgow, commenting, from opposite points of view, on Mr. Gladstone's recent speech at Edinburgh. Mr. Courtney has been making a series of speeches in Cornwall. But there is very little political excitement, awaiting the renewed sitting of Parliament in November.

The colliery strike is not yet terminated, though most of the pits in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, of the pits in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Staffordshire have recommenced working at the former rate of wages. In South Yorkshire and in Lancashire the coal-owners have still insisted on a reduction of ten per cent; a conference was to be held at Manchester on Oct. 18. At St. Helen's, in South Lancashire, on Tuesday, Oct. 17, there was a fierce riot at the colliery of Messrs. Bromilow, Foster, and Co. A few men, engaged in clearing the flooded pits and workings of the water that has filled them, were savagely attacked

by a mob of several thousand colliers on strike; and the under-manager, named Briscoe, on coming up the shaft was terribly beaten with bludgeons. The police attempted was terribly beaten with bludgeons. The police attempted to rescue him, but the mob crowded on the banks lining the roadway, and threw bricks and heavy stones. The police were utterly powerless to cope with their assailants, and several fell dreadfully injured. Making an effort to march back towards the town, they were again assailed with bricks and stones, and had to flee pell-mell. Great damage was done to the buildings. The majority of coal-owners are beginning to feel their heavy losses acutely, and it is doubtful if some of them will ever again be able to work at a profit. With these the temptation to reopen and to compensate themselves out of the high prices of coal is exceedingly great, and it is doubtful if they reopen and to compensate themselves out of the high prices of coal is exceedingly great, and it is doubtful if they will be able to resist for many more days. The losses sustained by owners of idle collieries range from £80 to £200 per day. Some have no stocks whatever. Should the conference at Manchester come to no decision likely to result in a settlement, it is expected that many pits in Yorkshire and Lancashire will be recopened on the old terms. All hope of the men submitting reopened on the old terms. All hope of the men submitting to any reduction of wages has now been abandoned. At Sheffield many steel-works have been closed because sufficient coal could not be obtained at any price. The distress is becoming so acute in Sheffield that the Mayor has decided to propose to the Corporation that a loan of £15,000 shall be asked for to expend in improvements which will provide men with work useful to the town.



THE EARL OF ELGIN, THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

In London, on Sunday, Oct. 15, an open-air meeting was held in Hyde Park in aid of the fund for the relief of was held in Hyde Park in aid of the fund for the rehef of the colliers on strike. Contingents marched from various parts of London to the Park, carrying numerous banners, and a large number of trade, temperance, and other organisations were represented. Men and boys with collecting-boxes circulated among the crowd. Speeches were delivered by Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and the Rev. Dr. Clifford. The proceedings were were also held in meaning frament. quite peaceable. Meetings were also held in many different places in London, at which collections were made on behalf of the strikers.

The British Indian Government mission to the A Abdurrahman, the ruler of Afghanistan, has been received at Cabul with the utmost courtesy and hospitality. Sir Mortimer Durand has had several conferences with the Ameer, and their relations seem to be entirely cordial and agreeable.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., accompanied by his two sons, has been at New York, which he left on Oct. 12 for the Bahamas, going to Nassau, New Providence, where he owns a plantation of 20,000 acres, which is managed by his sons. Mr. Chamberlain has not decided upon the date of his return to Fredenic of his return to England.

The Brazilian Government has issued a decree in which, after recapitulating the acts of the insurgents under Admiral de Mello, it is declared that they are debarred from the public, private, and international rights. Several persons have been arrested in the city of Rio on suspicion of intriguing with the revolutionists.

The opposition in the United States Senate, at Washington, to the Bill which President Cleveland's Government

has brought before Congress for the repeal of the existing law for the coinage of fixed amounts of silver has assumed a desperately obstructive form. The Senators have been exhausted by all-night sittings, continued on one occasion thirty-nine hours, and by speeches fifteen hours long. It seems doubtful whether the Bill can now be passed.

The Federal Congress of the Argentine Republic has sanctioned the prolongation of the state of siege in Buenos Ayres till December. Numbers of those who took part in the recent insurrection will be banished from the country.

It is reported from Cape Town that volunteers from the Black Watch and West Riding regiments are being called on for service against the Matabele; nearly all the men of both regiments offered themselves. Those who were good horsemen were selected, and seventy are to start, being temporarily attached to the Bechuanaland police. The volunteers from the regular troops at the Cape will go to Fort Macloutsie to reinforce that garrison on the departure of the men from there for Tati. They will not necessarily be ordered to the front, but are intended for the present to form a reserve or base from which the Tuli and the Macloutsie and Khama's men will act. It is stated in reply to a number of personal applications made at the office of the British South Africa Company, that the Company does not require the services of volunteers from England. The latest news, that heavy rains have com-menced falling in the Matabele country, and

menced failing in the Matabele country, and that the Limpopo has risen, is considered to augur unfavourably for the success of the attack upon Lobengula. This year the rains have commenced unusually early, and if they continue, will turn the country into a quagmire, over which carts and gun-carriages would be unable to travel.

Captain Allan Wilson, who is in command of the Fort Victoria column, has had large experience in Kaffir warfare, having served with distinction in the Gaika, Galeka, and Basuto wars, and on the organisation of the Victoria Rangers last year he was appointed to the command of the district troop. Captain Wilson is thirty-seven years of age, and has spent sixteen of these in South Africa. He has taken part in several exploring expeditions in Bechuanaland and Mashonaland, and being a crack shot has considerable reputation as a hunter. He has an intimate knowledge of the country, and his acquaintance with Dutch and Kaffir dialects has enabled him to gain more than a superficial knowledge of the various tribes of South Africa.

The laying of a cable from Bundaberg, in Queensland, to New Caledonia has been completed. Sir G. Dibbs, the Premier of New South Wales, defends the granting by his colony of a subsidy to the cable on the ground that the Australian land lines will receive benefit from the French messages.

### THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

Lord Elgin, the new Viceroy of India, is a man in the full prime of life, a trifle over forty-four years of age. He was Treasurer of her Majesty's Household for a brief period, and married, in 1876, Lady Constance Mary Carnegie, second daughter of the Earl of Southesk K.T. by whe he has corrected. Southesk, K.T., by whom he has several children. Lord Elgin's lineage carries us back far into the history of Scotland, and the family has owned some distinguished members. Both his father and his grandfather were men of mark. His grandfather, the seventh Earl, brought from Athens those renowned marbles now known as the "Elgin Marbles"—which Mr. Frederic Harrison thinks that we ought Mr. Frederic Harrison thinks that we ought to return to Greece. It should be said that the removal of these priceless treasures was not contemplated by Lord Elgin when he was first appointed to the embassy to the Ottoman Porte, but they were suffering such constant injury at the hands of the Turks that he was induced to bring them over

to bring them over. The propriety of the action was a good deal called into question, and a host of accusations was gathered up, and found their most exaggerated expression in Byron's "Curse of Minerva." But is it seriously questioned at this day that Lord Elgin was supremely well advised, in the interests of interests of the control civilisation, in bringing the sculptures of the Parthenon to England? The eighth Lord Elgin, the present Earl's father, was Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, went on two special missions to China, and succeeded Lord Canning as Viceroy of India. He was a fluent writer and an effective speaker. Lord Elgin's father-in-law, the Earl of Southesk, has published some curious volumes of verse, which are not so well known as they deserve to be deserve to be.

Ready, Oct. 23.

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1894. SIX PICTURES IN CHROMO. Monthly Calendar—Tables of Duration of Sunlight—Diagrams of Duration of Moonlight—High—water Tables—Festivals, Seasons, Terms, Symbols, &c.—Astronomical Occurrences for 1894—Eclipses, &c.

By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., &c. TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS AS HEADINGS TO CALENDAR.

Useful Statistics for Reference throughout the Year-National Income and Expenditure—Government Offices—Postal Information—Stamps, Duties, and Licenses—Public Acts passed during the last Session of Parliament-Notable Occurrences—and Obituary.

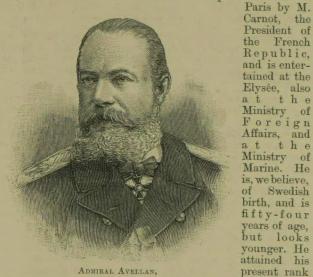
## TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Edited by JABEZ HOGG, F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., &c.

IN PICTORIAL COVER,
Price ONE SHILLING; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.
Published at the Office of The ILUSTRATED LONDON News, 198, Strand.
Post-Office Orders, &c., Payable to Ingram Brothers.

### PERSONAL.

Admiral Avellan, the commander of the Russian naval squadron at Toulon, is received with special honours in



Commanding the Russian Squadron at Toulon.

in 1891, and been chief of the naval staff at Cronstadt. He speaks both French and English very well.

Swedish

Another South London clergyman has been raised to Another South London clergyman has been raised to the ranks of the Colonial episcopate. The Rev. George Albert Ormsby, M.A., the Vicar of St. Stephen's, Walworth, who will shortly be consecrated to the Bishopric of Honduras, is a man of wide attainments and varied gifts. Although he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin (where he literally swept the board of prizes), he came to England for ordination, and held his first curacy in the diocese of Durham, Possessed

first curacy in the diocese of Durham. Possessed in no little degree of the eloquence of the Celt, combined with masterly powers of organisation, combined with masterly powers of organisation, he very quickly obtained preferment, and in 1869, when he had only been in orders three years, he was appointed to the important living of Jarrow. In 1875 he moved to Rainton, whence, ten years later, he exchanged with Mr. Dale Copeland, of St. Stephen's, Walworth. In the diocese of Rochester Mr. Ormsby quickly came to the front not indeed by recents of came to the front-not, indeed, by means of self-assertion, for he is a man of particularly quiet and retiring disposition, but by sheer force of ability. His parish was well organised, and his congregation responded well to his many endeavours. Outside the parish he did splendid service in connection with the diocesan Church of England Temperance Society, more than doubling the income during the time he had it in hand. It is understood that his name was prominently mentioned a little time since for the Bishopric of Natal. He will sail for his diocese early in January next. The Bishop-designate, who was chaplain to the Duke of Manchester, belongs to the Evangelical section in the Church; but he is a market from from party. but he is singularly free from party narrowness and bitterness

Mr. F. H. Cowen will have the direction of the popular classical orchestral concerts in the new concert hall, the Queen's, which is to be opened in Langham Place some time next month. A better man for the post could not have been found. The classical concerts, Mr. Cowen says, will be more like the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts than any others with which music-lovers in London are familiar. Of course, every-thing will not be strictly classical, in the technical acceptation of that term. Ballet music and lighter works of the kind will find a place in

the programmes, but a high standard will be maintained in everything that is done. Mr. Cowen thinks that the hall itself will be the best in London; larger and better shaped than St. James's Hall, and a great improvement on the Albert Hall, which is of a quite impossible size for ordinary concert purposes.

M. Gounod, who died on Wednesday, Oct. 18, at his residence, St. Cloud, was born seventy-five years



THE LATE M. GOUNOD.

Paris. After one year's study at the Conservatoire, winning of the "Rome" prize enabled ceed to Italy, where sacred music en-grossed his attention, and con-siderably affected his style. His first operas did not attain much suc-cess, and it was not until the production of

8.0

"Faust" in 1859 that Gounod's high powers were recognised. Thereafter, he composed a comic opera based on Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré Lui"; "La Reine de Saba," one of the soprano airs in which is often heard at London concerts; and "Mireille," which was given in 1864 in the metropolis. A work which has been and is popular is his "Roméo et Juliette," which was produced three years later.

In England his reputation is chiefly associated with the two beautiful songs, "Nazareth" and "There is a green hill far away"; with his oratorios, "The Redemption," which was the chief feature of the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1882, and "Mors et Vita," which received a compliment from the Overn, who companded its county professional and the Overn, who companded its county professional and the Overn who could be a companied and the overn who could be a constant. of 1882, and "Mors et Vita," which received a compliment from the Queen, who commanded its second performance in the Albert Hall in 1886. Her Majesty, it may be mentioned, sent a graceful telegram congratulating the composer. Another work, which has occasionally been given in this country, is his "Messe Solennelle." In 1870 he conducted several concerts in London. M. Gounod's industry had always been great; indeed, it is probable that his very large output of musical compositions will depreciate the final judgment of his genius. depreciate the final judgment of his genius.

Cambridge, this term, is going to give Wagner a fair hearing. The new series of Wednesday Popular Concerts, which Dr. Stanford is to conduct and Mr. Burnet to lead, will be devoted entirely to that composer. Fortunately for Dr. Stanford and Mr. Burnet, Wagner has now a very influential following in Cambridge. influential following in Cambridge.

Interest in the Battle of Waterloo is not yet exhausted: General Siborne, the compiler of the "Waterloo Letters," has still an important collection of signed documents by officers who took part in the engagement, which are to come under the hammer early next month. General Siborne's whole collection of Waterloo letters and documents amounted to four hundred and ninety-nine. Of these he has published one hundred and eighty, and the three hundred and nineteen that remain—not one of which has been printed—are now to be offered "in one lot."

The civil marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, to Flora, daughter of Mr. John H. Davis, Senator, of New York, took place at Paris on Saturday, Oct. 14. M. Beurdeley, Mayor of the Eighth Arrondissement, who officiated, delivered a brief address in which he approached that for the address, in which he remarked that for the progress of mankind and the peace of the world, France, England, and America ought to be united. The Marquis of Dufferin, British Ambassador, and Mr. Eustis, the American Ambassador,

the introductory address; and Miss Janes, the organising secretary, invites the attendance of all ladies interested in the movement, which Mr. Besant spells with a capital M. As for the subjects to be dealt with, they range from "Female Inebriety" to "The Work of Women in Connection with County Councils.'

In the estimation of the sporting world, Lord Rosebery is doubtless the man most to be envied at this moment. The brilliant victory of his two-year-old, Ladas, in the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket last week establishes that fine young horse as the champion of this season's juveniles, and has given it the position of the first favourite for the 1894 Derby. Lord Rosebery's return to the Turf (until last week he had not visited Newmarket for eight years) is universally welcomed, and no racing colours were ever more deservedly honoured than the "primrose and rose hoops." As Lord Rosebery has never won a Derby, it is to be hoped that the present "first favourite" will come well through the winter and spring. At Newmarket he increased his stud from the late Lord Calthorpe's sale, and gave 3600 guineas for Seabreeze.

The statement that Mr. A. E. Stoddart is about to take The statement that Mr. A. E. Stoddart is about to take out a team of cricketers to South Africa is incorrect and absurd. South Africa would, no doubt, be glad to see our "best all-round gentleman cricketer," but Mr. Stoddart will stay in England to play football. Nearing his thirty-first year, Mr. Stoddart has perhaps seen his finest days at football, but he is still a very doughty player—indeed, are there many athletic games he does not play? Mr. Stoddart looks what he is, an athlete from top to toe; and though a smoker he is more or less in training all the year round. a smoker, he is more or less in training all the year round. His bachelor residence on the slopes of South Hampstead, which he shares with that great wicket-keeper, Mr. G. Macgregor, overlooks the ground where he made the unprecedented score of 485 runs.

The Royal Buckhounds are not yet abolished, and this season again they will be hunted by Lord Ribblesdale, who is, perhaps, as capable a Master as the famous pack has had since the days of that Sir Bernard Brocas by whom



thanked the Mayor for his compliments and good wishes. The religious ceremony took place on Monday, Oct. 16, at the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris. The ceremony was attended by many of the Corps Diplomatique, including the United States Ambassador, while the French Ministry was represented by M. and Madame Develle and M. and Madame Dibat. The bridge created the level of the corps of M. and Madame Ribot. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, Senator Davis. She was attended by four bridesmaids—Miss Kip, Miss Cameron, Lady Blackwood, and Lady Hermione Blackwood. Mr. F. Clarke, secretary of the British Embassy, was best man. The service was fully choral, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of the American Church, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Noves, of the English Church, After the Noyes, of the English Church. After the ceremony a reception was given at the British Embassy, where the bride and bridegroom received congratulations. They afterwards left Paris for Walmer Castle, where they will pass the honeymoon.

The most interesting item of literary gossip is that the Laureateship is to be offered to Mr. Lewis Morris. The rumour, we believe, is entirely correct. Mr. Morris, it is understood, has been communicated with from a very high quarter; and it is hardly open to doubt that he will accept the offer when it is definitely made to him. Mr. Swinburne, we believe, was first approached on the subject, but his refusal is reported to have been polite but absolute. Mr. Swinburne "could not and would not" accept the post of Laureate. Mr. Morris was then applied to, and no other person. The appointment will probably not be made until

"The Central Conference of Women Workers," to be held at Leeds next month, will bring together on the platform most of the ladies who are prominent in this field. The "flowers of progress" on this occasion will be exclusively feminine. No male person is given a place on the programme. The aristocracy figures well in the list of speakers and readers of papers. The Duchess of Bedford is President of the Conference Council, and Lady Welby, Lady Eveloping Council and Lady Welby. Lady Frederick Cavendish, and Lady Henry Somerset will be heard on one or other of the four days during which the conference is to last. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter will deliver

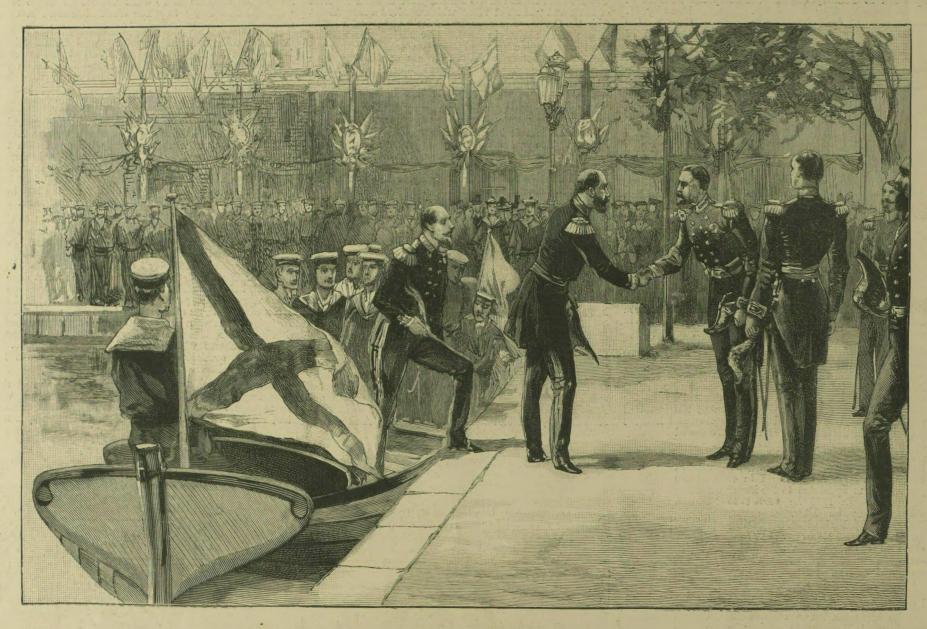
the carted deer was chased temp. Edward III. Ribblesdale has admitted that this form of stag-hunting "cannot take rank with fox-hunting," but he defends it as "an ancient and a famous pastime," and considers that the deer which takes a proper view of its responsibilities has not much to complain of. Lord Ribblesdale (who served several years with the Rifle Brigade in India) has had a wide and varied experience in the saddle. He has hunted wide and varied experience in the saddle. He has hunted "over many countries and with many packs," and has said that for years he regarded it as a cardinal principle of conduct to hunt "on something and somehow," wherever he happened to be. Lord Ribblesdale wields a graceful and rather humorous pen, and he wrote in the April number of the English Illustrated Magazine an admirable account of the Royal Buckhounds.

Mr. John Hollingshead is almost but not quite ready with his reformed theatre. The doors of the Princess's have been opened and in a few days, no doubt, the new patent stalls will have arrived and all the pleasant promises will have been fulfilled; meanwhile, the ready pen of the old journalist and dramatic critic wanders into the the old journalist and dramatic critic wanders into the gratuitous programme. Of the Haymarket he says: "Where Mr. Beerbohm Tree is playing the Devil"; of the Oxford Music Hall the theatrical manager notes: "A near neighbour and a good one," which promises a union as desirable as "Church and Stage"; and when, on the inner sheet of the programme, it is stated that "Watling's Pork Pies" are still undefeated, Mr. Hollingshead slily adds, "I arise from dreams of thee in the first sweet sleep of night."—Shelley. Whether Mr. Watling will like the humorous insinuation is another question.

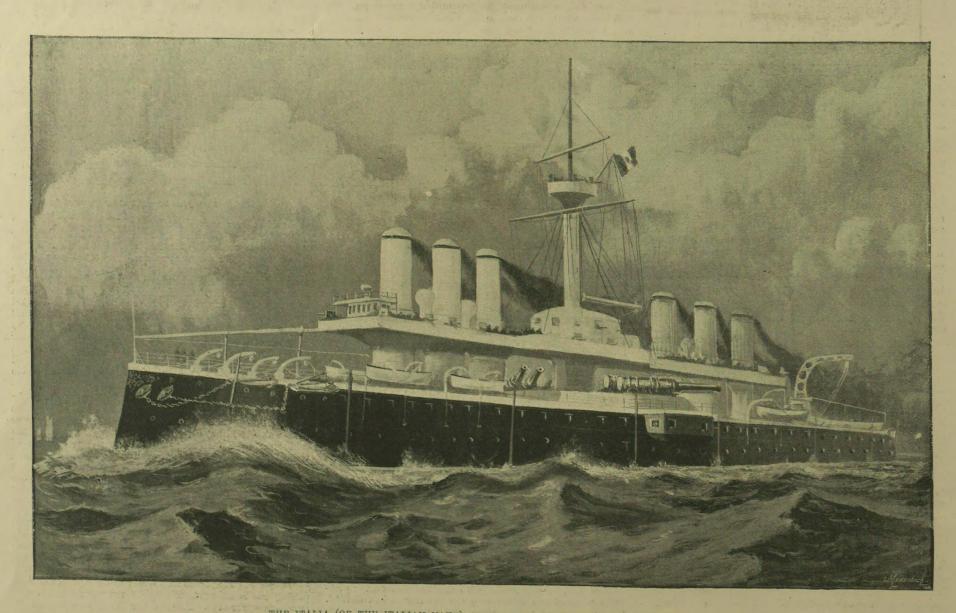
Interest in the public lectures to be delivered at Oxford

Interest in the public lectures to be delivered at Oxford during the ensuing term centres mainly in the series announced for Mr. Froude; the Regius Professor of Modern History. Mr. Froude's new subject is the Life and Letters of Erasmus, which he is believed to have had in preparation for a long time past.

In our issue of Aug. 19 we inadvertently described the late Mr. A. B. Starey, the editor of *Harper's Young People*, as Mr. A. B. Storey. Mr. Starey's many friends in England and America will pardon an obvious error.



THE RUSSIAN NAVAL SQUADRON AT TOULON: ADMIRAL AVELLAN LANDING,



THE ITALIA (OF THE ITALIAN NAVY), THE LARGEST WAR-SHIP IN THE WORLD.

15,000 Toks Displacement, 400 ft. Lenoth, 74 ft. Beam, 18,000-Horse Power, Carrying Four 100-Ton Guns and Twenty-Four Smaller Guns, &c.



For so good and patient a man, Si Hummaston bore himself rather vehemently during the milking. was hotter in the barn than it was outside in the sun, and the stifling air swarmed with flies, which seemed to follow Si perversely from stall to stall and settle on his cow. One beast put her hoof square in his pail, and another refused

altogether to "give down," while the rest kept up a tireless slapping and swishing of their tails very hard to bear, even if one had the help of profanity. Marcellus and I listened carefully to hear him at last provoked to an oath, but the worst thing he uttered, even when the cow stepped in the milk, was "Dum your buttons!" which Marcellus said might conceivably be investigated by a church committee, but was hardly out-and-out swearing.

I remember Si's groans and objurgations, his querulous "Hyst there, will ye!" his hypocritical "So-boss! So-boss!" his despondent "They never will give down for me!" because presently there was crossed upon this woof of peevish impatience the web of a curious conversation.

Si had been so slow in his headway against flapping tails and restive hoofs that before he had got up to the end of the row, Aunt Em had finished her side. She brought over her stool and pail, and seated herself at the next cow to Hummaston's. For a little one heard only the resonant din of the stout streams against the tin; then as the bottom was covered, there came the ploughing plash of milk on milk, and Si could hear himself talk.

"S'pose you know S'reny's come, 'long with your father," he remarked, ingratiatingly.

"I saw 'em drive in," replied Em.
"Whoa! Hyst there! Hole still, can't ye? I didn't know if you quite made out who they were, you was scootin' 'long so fast. They ain't-Whoa there !- they ain't nothin' the matter 'twixt you and her, is they?"

"I don't know as there is," said Em, curtly. "The world's big enough for both of us-we ain't no call to bunk into each other."

"No, of course-Now you stop it !- but it looked kind o' curious to me, your pikin' off like that, without waitin' to say 'How-d'-do?'. Of course, I never had no relation by marriage that was stuck-up at all, or looked down on me-Stiddy there, now !- but I guess I can reelise pretty much how you feel about it. I'm a good deal of a hand at that. It's what they call imagination. It's a gift, you know, like good looks, or preachin', or the knack o' makin' money. But you can't help what you're born with, can you? I'd been a heap better off if my gift 'd be'n in some other direction; but, as I tell 'em, it ain't my fault. And my imagination-Hi, there ! git over, will ye?-it's downright cur'ous sometimes, how it works. Now I could tell, you see, that you 'n S'reny didn't pull together. I s'pose she never writ a line to you, when your husban' was killed?"

"Why should she?" demanded Em. "We never did correspond. What'd be the sense of beginning then? She minds her affairs, 'n I mind mine. Who wanted her to. Write ?"

along better together, though, now that you'll see more of one another. I s'pose S'reny's figurin' on stayin' here right along now, her 'n' her little girl. Well, it'll be nice for the old folks to have somebody they 're fond of. They jest worshipped the ground Alvy walked on-an' I s'pose they won't be anything in this wide world too good for that little girl of his. Les' see, she must be comin' on three now, ain't she?

"I don't know anything about her!" snapped Aunt Em, with emphasis.

"Of course, it's natural the old folks should feel so-she bein' Alvy's child. I hain't noticed anything special, but does it-Well, I swan! Hyst there !- does it seem to you that they're as good to Marcellus, quite, as they used to be? I don't hear 'em sayin' nothin' about his goin' to school next winter.

Aunt Em said nothing, too, but milked doggedly on. Si told her about the thickness and profusion of Serena's mourning, guardedly hinted at the injustice done him by not allowing him to go to the red barn with the others, speculated on the likelihood of the Wadsworths contributing to their daughter's support, and generally exhibited his interest in the family through a monologue which finished only with the milking; but Aunt Em made no response whatever.

When the last pails had been emptied into the big cans at the door-Marcellus and I had lef the cows out one by one into the yard, as their individual share in the milking ended-Si and Em saw old Arphaxed wending his way across from the house to the red barn. He appeared more bent than ever, but he walked with a slowness which seemed born of reluctance even more than of infirmity.

"Well, now," mused Si aloud, "Brother Turnbull an' me's be'n friends for a good long spell. I don't believe he 'd be mad if I cut over now to the red barn, too, seein' the milkin's all out of the way. Of course I don't want to do what ain't right-what d'you think now, Em, honest? Think it 'ud rile him?"

"I don't know anything about it?" my aunt replied with increased vigour of emphasis. "But for the land sake go somewhere! Don't hang around botherin' me. I got enough else to think of besides your everlasting cackle."

Thus rebuffed, Si meandered sadly into the cow-yard, shaking his head as he came. Seeing us scated on an upturned plough over by the fence, from which point we had a perfect view of the red barn, he sauntered towards us, and, halting at our side, looked to see if there was room enough for him to sit also. But Marcellus, in quite a casual way, remarked: "Oh! wheeled the milk over to the house already, Si?" and at this the doleful man lounged off again in new despondency, got out the wheelbarrow, and, with ostentations grouns of travail, hoisted a can upon it and started off:

"He's takin' advantage of Arphaxed's being so worked up to play 'ole soldier' on him," said Marcellus, "All of us have to stir him up the whole time to keep him from takin' root somewhere. I told him this afternoon't if there had to be any settin' around under the bushes an' cryin' the fam'ly'd do it,"

We talked in hushed tones as we sat

there watching the shut doors of the red barn in boyish conjecture about what was going on behind them. recall much of this talk with curious distinctness, but candidly it jars now upon my maturer nerves. The individual man looks back upon his childhood with much the same amused amazement that the race feels in contemplating the memorials of its own cave-dwelling or bronze period. What strange savages we were! In those days Marcellus and I used to find our very highest delight in getting off on Thursdays, and going over to Dave Bushnell's slaughterhouse, to witness with stony hearts, and from as close a coign of vantage as might be, the slaying of some score of barnyard animals—the very thought of which now revolts our grown-up minds. In the same way we sat there on the plough, and criticised old Arphaxed's meanness in excluding us from the red barn, where the men-folks were coming in final contact with "the pride of the family." Some of the cows, wandering toward us, began to "moo" with impatience for the pasture, but Marcellus said there was no hurry

All at once we discovered that Aunt Em was standing a few yards away from us, on the other side of the fence. We could see her from where we sat by only turning a little-a motionless, stout, upright figure, with a pail in her hand, and a sternly impassive look on her face. She, too, had her gaze



"Won't you speak to me at all, Emmeline?"

fixed upon the red barn, and, though the declining sun was full in her eyes, seemed incapable of blinking, but just stared coldly, straight ahead.

Suddenly an unaccustomed voice fell upon our ears. Turning, we saw that a black-robed woman, with a black wrap of some sort about her head, had come up to where Aunt Em stood, and was at her shoulder. Marcellus nudged me, and whispered, "It's S'reny. Look out for squalls!" And then we listened in intent silence.

"Won't you speak to me at all, Emmeline?" we heard this new voice say

Aunt Em's face, sharply outlined in profile against the sky, never moved. Her lips were pressed into a single line, and she kept her eyes on the barn.

"If there's anything I've done, tell me, pursued the other. "In such a hour as this when both our hearts are bleeding so, and - and every breath we draw is like a curse upon us-it doesn't seem a fit time for us - for us to-The voice faltered and broke, leaving the speech unfinished.

Aunt Em kept silence so long that we fancied this appeal, too, had failed. Then abruptly, and without moving her head, she dropped a few ungracious words as it were over her shoulder: "If I had anything special to say, most likely I'd say it," she remarked.

We could hear the sigh that Serena drew. She lifted her shawled head, and for a moment seemed as if about to turn. Then she changed her mind, apparently, for she took a step nearer to the other.

"See here, Emmeline," she said, in a more confident tone. "Nobody in the world knows better than I do how thoroughly good a woman you are, how you have done your duty, and more than your duty, by your parents and your brothers, and your little step-son. You have never spared yourself for them, day or night. I have said often to-to him who has gone—that I didn't believe there was anywhere on earth a worthier or more devoted woman than you, his sister. And - now that he is gone-and we are both more sisters than ever in affliction - why in Heaven's name should you behave like this to me?"

Aunt Em spoke more readily this time. "I don't know as I've done anything to you," she said in defence. "I've just let you alone, that's all. An' that's doin' as I'd like to be done by." Still she did not turn her head, or lift her steady gaze from those closed

"Don't let us split words!" entreated the other, venturing a thin,

friendly enough when I was here before. Can't it be the same again? What has happened to change it? Only to-day, on our way up here, I was speaking to your father about you, and my deep sympathy for you, and-

Aunt Em wheeled like a flash. "Yes, 'n' what did he say? Come, don't make up anything! Out with it! What did he say?" She shook off the hand on her shoulder as she spoke.

Gesture and voice and frowning vigour of mien were all so imperative and rough that they seemed to bewilder Serena. She, too, had turned now, so that I could see her wan and delicate face, framed in the laced festoons of black, like the fabulous countenance of "The Lady Inez" in my mother's "Album of Beauty." She bent her brows in hurried thought, and began stammering, "Well, he said-Let's see, he said-

"Oh, yes!" broke in Aunt Em, with raucous irony. "I

know well enough what he said! He said I was a good workerthat they'd never had to have a hired girl since I was big enough to wag a churn dash, an' they wouldn't known what to do without me. I know all that; I've heard it on an' off for twenty years. What I'd like to hear is, did he tell you that he went down South to bring back your husband, an' that he never so much as give a thought to fetchin' my husband, who was just as good a soldier and died just as bravely as yours did? I'd like to know-did he tell you that?"

What could Serena do but shake her head, and bow it in silence before this bitter gale of words?

"An' tell me this, too," Aunt Em went on, lifting her harsh voice mercilessly, "when you was settin' there in

church this forenoon, with the soldiers out, an' the bells

Aunt Em brought over her stool and pail, and seated herself at the next cow to Hummaston's.

white hand upon Aunt Em's shoulder. "That isn't the tollin', an' all that—did he say 'This is some for Alvy, an' way we two ought to stand to each other. Why, you were some for Abel, who went to the war together, an' was killed some for Abel, who went to the war together, an' was killed together, or within a month o' one another?' Did he say that, or look for one solitary minute as if he thought it? I'll

Serena's head sank lower still, and she put up, in a blinded sort of a way, a little white handkerchief to her eyes. "But why blame me?" she asked.

Aunt Em heard her own voice so seldom that the sound of it now seemed to intoxicate her. "No!" she shouted. "It's like the Bible. One was taken an' the other left. It was always Alvy this an' Alvy that, nothin' for anyone but Alvy. That was all right; nobody complained; prob'ly he deserved it all; at any rate, we didn't begrudge him any of it, while he was livin'. But there ought to be a limit somewhere. When a man's dead, he's pretty much about on an equality with other dead men, one would think. But it ain't so. One man gets hunted after, when he's shot, an' there's a hundred dollars for embalmin' him, an' a journey after

him, an' bringin' him home, an' two big funerals, an' crape for his widow that'd stand by itself. The other man-he can lay where he fell! Them that's lookin' for the first one are right close by-it ain't more'n a few miles from the Wilderness to Cold Harbour, so Hi Tuckerman tells me, 'an he was all over the ground two years ago-but nobody looks for this other man! Oh, no! Nobody so much as remembers to think of him! They ain't no hundred dollars, no, not so much as fifty cents, for embalmin' him! No-he could be shovelled in anywhere, or maybe burned up when the woods got on fire that night, the night of the 6th. They ain't no funeral for him-no bells tolled-unless it may be a cowbell up in the pasture that he hammered out himself. An' his widow can go around, week days an' Sundays, in her old

calico dresses. Nobody ever mentions the word 'mournin' crape' to her, or asks her if she'd like to put on black. 'spose they thought if they gave me the money for some mournin' I'd buy candy with it instead!"

With this climax of flaming sarcasm Aunt Em stopped, her eyes aglow, her thick breast heaving in a flurry of breathlessness. She had never talked so much or so fast before in her life. She swung the empty tinpail now defiantly at her side to hide the fact that her arms were shaking with excitement. Every instant it looked as if she was going to begin again.

Serena had taken the handkerchief down from her eyes and held her arms stiff and straight by her side. Her chin seemed to have grown longer or to be thrust forward more. When she spoke it was in a colder voicealmost mincing in the way it cut off the words.

"All this is not my doing," she said. "I am to blame for nothing of it. As I tried to tell you, I sympathise dceply with your grief. But grief ought to make people at least fair, even if it cannot make them gentle and soften their hearts. I shall trouble you with no more offers of friendship. I-I think I will go back to the house now-to my little girl."

Even as she spoke, there came from the direction of the red barn a shrill, creaking noise which we all knew. At the sound, Marcellus and I stood up, and Serena forgot her intention to go away. The barn doors, yelping as they moved on their dry rollers, had been pushed wide open.

IV.

The first one to emerge from the barn was Hi Tuckerman. He started to make for the house, but when he caught sight of our group, came running towards us at the top of his speed, uttering incoherent shouts as he advanced, and waving his arms excitedly. It was

apparent that something out of the ordinary had happened.

We were but little the wiser as to this something, when Hi had come to a halt before us, and was pouring out a volley of explanations, accompanied by earnest grimaces and strenuous gestures. Even Marcellus could make next to nothing of what he was trying to convey, but Aunt Em, strangely enough, seemed to understand him. Still slightly trembling, and with a little occasional catch in her breath, she bent an intent scrutiny upon Hi, and nodded comprehendingly from time to time, with encouraging exclamations, "He did, eh!" "Is that so?" and "I expected as much." Listening and watching, I formed the uncharitable conviction that she did not really understand Hi at all, but was only pretending to do so in order further to harrow Serena's feelings.

Doubtless I was wrong, for presently she turned, with an effort, to her sister-in-law, and remarked: "P'rhaps you don't quite follow what he 's sayin'?"

"Not a word!" said Serena eagerly. "Tell me, please Emmeline!"

Aunt Em seemed to hesitate. "He was shot through the mouth at Gaines' Mills, you know—that's right near Cold Harbour and—the Wilderness," she said, obviously making

"That isn't what he's saying," broke in Serena. "What is it, Emmeline?"

"Well," rejoined the other, after an instant's pause, "if you want to know—he says that ain't Alvy at all that they've got there in the barn."

Serena turned swiftly, so that we could not see her face.

"He says it's some strange man," continued Em, "a yaller-headed man, all packed an' stuffed with charcoal, so't his own mother wouldn't know him. Who it is nobody knows, but it ain't Alvy."

"They're a pack of robbers 'n' swindlers!" cried old Arphaxed, shaking his long grey beard with wrath.

He had come up without our noticing his approach, so rapt had been our absorption in the strange discovery reported by Hi Tuckerman. Behind him straggled the boys and the hired men, whom Si Hummaston had scurried across from the house to join. No one said anything now, but tacitly deferred to the old man's principal right to speak. It was a relief to hear that terrible silence of his broken at all.

"They ought to all be hung!" he cried, in a voice to which the excess of passion over physical strength gave a melancholy quaver. "I paid 'em what they asked—they took

The two women had stood motionless, with their gaze on the grass; Aunt Em lifted her head at this

"If a place is good enough for private soldiers to be buried in," she said vehemently, "it's good enough for the best man in the army. On Resurrection Day, do you think them with shoulder-straps'll be called fust an' given all the front places? I reckon the men that carried a musket are every whit as good, there in the trench, as them that wore swords. They gave their lives as much as the others did, an' the best man that ever stepped couldn't do no more."

Old Arphaxed bent upon her a long look, which had in it much surprise and some elements of menace. Reflection seemed, however, to make him think better of an attack on Aunt Em. He went on, instead, with rambling exclamations to his auditors at large.

"Makin' me the butt of the whole county!" he cried. "There was that funeral to-day-with a parade an' a choir of music an' so on-an' now it'll come out in the papers that it wasn't Alvy at all I brought back with me, but only some perfect stranger—by what you can make out from his clothes, not even an officer at all. I tell you the War's a jedgement on this country for its wickedness, for its cheatin' an' robbin' of honest men! There wa'n't no sense in that battle at Cold Harbour anyway-everybody admits that !- it was murder an' massacre in cold blood; -fifty thousand men mowed down, an' nothin' gained by it !- an' then not even to

git my boy's dead body back! I say hangin's too good

for 'em!"
"Yes, father," said Myron, sooth-" but do ingly; you stick to what you said about the — the box? Wouldn't it look better -

"No!" shouted Arphaxed, with Dana do what I told him-take it down this very night to the poor-master, an' let him bury it where he likes. It's no affair of mine. I wash my hands of it. There won't be any funeral held here."

It was then that Serena spoke. Strangely enough, old Arphaxed, had not seemed to notice her presence in our group, and his jaw visibly dropped as he beheld her now standing before him. He made a gesture signifying his disturbance at finding her among his hearers, and would have spoken, but she held up her hand.

"Yes, I heard it all," she said, in answer to his deprecatory movement. "I am glad I did. It has given me time to get over the shock of learning - our mistake - and it

gives me the chance now to say something which I-I feel keenly. The poor man you have brought home was, you say, a private soldier. Well, isn't this a good time to remember that there was a private soldier who went out from this farm—belonging right to this family—and who, as a private, laid down his life as nobly as General Sedgwick or General Wadsworth, or even our dear Alva, or anyone else? I never met Emmeline's husband, but Alva liked him, and spoke to me often of him. Men who fall in the ranks don't get identified, or brought home, but they deserve funerals as much as the others—just as much. Now this is my idea—let us feel that the mistake which has brought this poor stranger to us is God's way of giving us a chance to this poor stranger to us is God's way of giving us a chance to remember and do honour to Abel Jones. Let him be buried in the family lot up yonder, where we had thought to lay Alva, and let us do it reverently, in the name of Emmeline's husband, and of all others who have fought and died for our

Alva, and let us do it reverently, in the name of Emmeline's husband, and of all others who have fought and died for our country—and with sympathy in our hearts for the women who, somewhere in the North, are mourning, just as we mourn here, for the stranger there in the red barn."

Arphaxed had watched her intently. He nodded now, and blinked at the moisture gathering in his old eyes. "I could e'en a'most a'thought it was Alvy talkin'," was what he said. Then he turned abruptly, but we all knew, without further words, that what Serena had suggested was to be done.

The men-folk, wondering doubtless much among themselves, moved slowly off toward the house or the cow-barns, leaving the two women alone. A minute of silence passed, before we saw Serena creep gently up to Aunt Em's side, and lay the thin white hand again upon her shoulder. This time it was not shaken off, but stretched itself forward, little by little, until its palm rested against Aunt Em's further check. We heard the tin-pail fall resonantly against the stones under the rail-fence, and there was a confused movement as if the two women were somehow melting into one.

"Come on, Sid!" said Marcellus Jones to me, "let's start them cows along. If there's anything I hate to see it's women cryin' on each other's necks."



"They ought to be all hung!" he cried. . . . "They ain't sent me HIM at all!"

a hundred dollars o' my money—an' they ain't sent me him at all! There I went, at my age, all through the Wilderness, almost clear to Cold Harbour, an' that, too, gittin' up from a sick bed in Washington, and then huntin' for the box at New York an' Albany, an' all the way back, an' holdin' a funeral over it only this very day—an' here it ain't him at all! I'll have the law on 'em though, if it costs the last cent I've got

Poor old man! These weeks of crushing grief and strain had fairly broken him down. We listened to his fierce outpourings with sympathetic silence, almost thankful that he had left strength and vitality enough still to get shout. He had been always a hard and gusty man; we felt by instinct, I suppose, that his best chance of weathering this terrible month of calamity was to batter his way furiously through it, in a rage with everything and everybody.

"If there's any justice in the land," put in Si Hummaston, "you'd ought to git your hundred dollars back. I shouldn't wonder if you could, too, if you sued 'em afore a Jestice that knew you.'

"Why, the man's a fool!" burst forth Arphaxed, turning towards him with a snort. "I don't want the hundred dollars-I wouldn't 'a' begrudged a thousand-if only they'd dealt honestly by me. I paid 'em their own figure, without beatin' 'em down a penny. If it'd be'n double, I'd 'a' paid it. What I wanted was my boy! It ain't so much their cheatin' me I mind, either, if it'd be'n about anything else. But to think of Alvy-my boy-after all the trouble I took, an' the journey, an' my sickness there among strangers-to think that after it all he's buried down there, no one knows where, p'raps in some trench with private soldiers, shovelled in anyhow-Oh-h! they ought to be hung!"

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The question of the influence of the parent, and especially The question of the influence of the parent, and especially of the mother, on the unborn young, which was mooted in these pages a few weeks ago in reference to Dr. A. R. Wallace's communication to Nature, has brought me a shoal of letters from readers of these "Jottings." As I suspected, the subject is one in which the educated laity take a deep interest, and I might add that the masses, while tinctured with many superstitions regarding this phase of parental influence, have also always exhibited a partiality for the discussion of the theme. The letters I have received may be divided into three classes. There are, first, those which deal with the writers' theories and fancies, and which do not afford me any facts whatever. are. first, those which deal with the writers' theories and fancies, and which do not afford me any facts whatever. One or two writers of this class soar away into the region of metaphysics, while others call theosophy to aid in explaining their own particular views about parental influence. Needless to say, such communications are in no sense useful to me. The second class of correspondents relate to me the experiences of others, or incidents they have merely heard of, some frankly avowing they cannot vouch for the particulars they give. Again, such letters do not advance the research at all; for our facts must, as far as we can make them go, be above our facts must, as far as we can make them go, be above suspicion. There remains a third class of letters which suspicion. There remains a third class of letters which alone demands attention. It contains the letters of those who write of experiences of their own, or of near relatives, and whose information is given in a form which renders it not only easy of appreciation, but scientifically valuable.

I select from the letters of the third class a few examples which bear most directly on the subject which Dr. Wallace's Australian correspondents so vividly and graphically introduced to his notice. The first letter (from a lady) details that she is the second child of a family of three. The eldest child exhibited from a very early age a three. The eldest child exhibited from a very early age a remarkably lively and joyous temperament, which still characterises her. Her birth was an event anticipated with the deepest joy and interest by both parents. The case of the second child (my correspondent) exhibits the reverse state of things. She was of a sad and quiet temperament as a child, and was never noticed to smile until at least eighteen months after birth. As a child she grew up quiet and reserved in disposition, and presented a marked contrast to her elder sister. The sadness of early life, she adds, has gradually passed away, and it was accounted for in the family by the fact that prior to her birth the mother had sustained a great prior to her birth the mother had sustained a great bereavement, and had lived in a thoroughly depressed condition, mentally and physically. No information is given regarding the third child.

A second lady-correspondent relates that she resembles very strongly her father's sister, who was plain-looking, and who was much with her mother before my correspondent's birth. The mother had a desire that the child should resemble her sister-in-law, and so it proved. The oldest brother in this family most nearly resembles the should resemble her sister-in-law, and so it proved. The eldest brother in this family most nearly resembles the mother's brother, who was closely associated with the mother before this child's birth. Her second brother, curiously enough, resembled in features a gardener employed by the family, and to whom the mother conceived a violent dislike. It is not an uncommon thing to find repulsions and dislikes reproduced in a family history as well as likes. The third brother, born in Ireland, has many of the characteristics of the Irish nation. The youngest sister, born in France, is dark, and resembles a coungest sister, born in France, is dark, and resembles a Frenchwoman in appearance.

A mother herself next writes me that in the case of her second child, a boy, who is now fourteen years of age, she accustomed herself to a plain diet prior to his birth, and the boy himself "always chooses the simple rather than the richer fare." More to the point is the fact that before his birth the mother occupied her mind in committing to memory long poetical pieces. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and many portions of Schiller were thus learnt by heart. The boy learns poetry with great facility, and recites long pieces correctly, although he is slow otherwise in the matter of his books. The sunny and serene temper of her fifth child this lady attributes to the quiet happy months which preceded his birth. The sixth child—now three years old—is in a different position entirely. His temper is anything but mild, and he is said to be incorrigibly naughty. His birth was preceded by a time of deep unhappiness for his mother. I refrain from quoting here what this lady tells me of her A mother herself next writes me that in the case of her from quoting here what this lady tells me of her time of mental trial and anguish; but her opinion that this period of depression and misery had its due effect upon the temper of her child, I myself do not doubt is perfectly justifiable and correct.

A gentleman writes to the effect that his wife and him-A gentleman writes to the effect that his wife and himself are very musical; they frequent concerts, and he himself is a musician. They have four children. The eldest, a boy of eighteen, has never cared for music, and he will not learn the piano. The second, aged sixteen, was somewhat neglected when young in the matter of music, but he has developed a fondness for the "divine art," and took ardently to flute-playing; the third boy is very musical, and plays the piano with great tasts. The fourth musical, and plays the piano with great taste. The fourth child, a girl, aged fourteen, is a most promising violin pupil. The third boy and the girl are never tired at a severely classical concert. Why the eldest child is not musical is answered by the father by saying that prior to his highly his transfer of the saying that prior to his birth his two sisters stayed with the family and practised on the piano incessantly in the hearing of the expectant mother. The perpetual practising induced in her a thorough, but happily only temporary, detestation of music, and so, according to the theory of pre-natal influences, this dislike made itself manifest in the first child.

To the writers who have favoured me with their experiences, I return my sincere thanks. It is true all that we may presume about the mental influences of the mother affecting the child (through physical media, of course) may not amount to absolute proof or demonstration. however, we have elicited at least, is the strong probability that such influences do exist and operate; and it is easier to assume this very natural view of things than to soar into the cloudland of a theory which, while it denies such pre-natal influences and despises such recitals, has apparently nothing but shadowy opinions to oppose to them.

### A NIGHT OF WAKING.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, has been very gracious to me all through my life. A sleepless night I have not known for nearly thirty years; yet somehow it came to pass last night that I laid awake for hours. It was so novel an experience to me that I became quite interested in my symptoms, and the longer they lasted the more I found myself wishing that I could record what went on during those four or five hours.

I had had an exhausting day. Some clergymen go through their Sunday duties with little or no effort. I am so unhappily constituted that I never can "take it easy as the phrase is. I speak and read with more emphasis than wisdom; I preach more loudly than I need; I have of late years given up delivering written sermons, and such as I do deliver cost me much thought and pains. The result is that on Sunday evening, after some three hours of continuous reading, singing, declaiming, and some eight hours of mental tension not unmixed with anxiety, disappointment, and sometimes heaviness of heart, I am almost always half prostrate by fatigue—a useless log, in fact, and fit for nothing. But "Nature's soft nurse" comes and tends me, and twelve hours of slumber is not rare with me between Sunday afternoon and Monday

But last night I laid my head upon my pillow disgrace-fully early, and I was "off" before one could utter a dissyllable. In an hour or so I awoke with a start. Mendelsohn's outburst of angelic assurance came to me, as it were from all the clouds of heaven, and the rapture of the great chorus "Be not afraid!" startled me like a revelation in the darkness. I sat up in bed and listened, but the silence was awful. It seemed to me that the ticking of the

Gradually they resolved themselves into a sort of debating club, everybody having his views, and everybody expressing himself with a precision and fluency which vexed me with a painful envy. They talked and argued for hours and hours, and the clock went on ticking, and I was nowhere. At last, out of the chaotic hubbub some order and method arose, and my dead friend V——, with his low voice, declared quietly that the days were coming when men would no longer condemn suicide as a moral offence, but sometimes condone it; sometimes applaud it. The Lady Theodora, with her glorious eyes, flashed at the speaker imperiously. I had no suspicion till then that she was wondrously learned. She knew Plato's "Crito" by heart it seemed, and she quoted Socrates word for word—a whole page of it. I could not have done it to save new soul. She glored at Doctor Dornov revealed in for word—a whole page of tt. I could not have done it to save my soul. She glanced at Doctor Donne's paradoxical work, the "Biathanatos," reasoned closely, criticised as she went on; wondered how Donne could be so silly as to say that bees sometimes kill themselves. Argument, quotation, illustration, followed on, always sweetly, persuasively, sometimes impetuously; and they crowded round her, and I lost their distinctive individuality—they were a mere crowd

Memory was becoming blurred, the dialectic faculty Memory was becoming blurred, the dialectic faculty was taking up the game. We came to no conclusion. There was a tangle of discussion. For an hour or so we talked of fascination, possession, and that which we call mesmerism. Another dead friend broke in gaily. I did not see his face; but he was present, and he called to me laughingly, "I possessed you once—you know I did! I wondered myself at my ascendancy—you know I did! I wondered myself at my ascendancy—you it physical or intellectual or the them there there is a contraction. was it physical, or intellectual, or the other thing, ch? Clearly it was not moral." I am sure the Lady Theodora smiled. I turned wearily, stared into the blackness. The clock went on as before. Sleep would not come. But was this wakefulness?
"Can't you sleep?" said the living voice of the

SIR GALAHAD AND THE HOLY GRAAL.

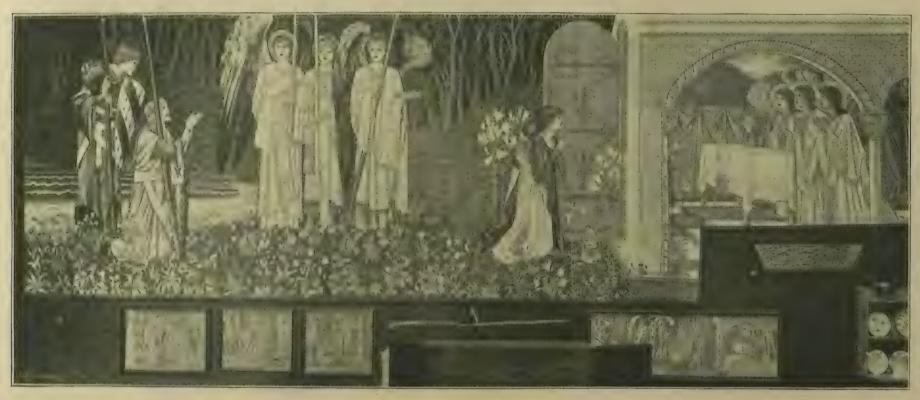
Prominent among the exhibits of the Arts and Crafts is the large Arras tapestry, designed by Mr. Burne-Jones and executed by Messrs. Morris and Co., which occupies nearly the whole of one wall of the West Gallery. It forms the concluding tableau of a series of which the designs are hung close by—the Knights departing in search of the Holy Graal—that cup

From which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with His own.

We know how few returned from that perilous ordeal, and the disappointment which attended those who had started on the Quest with such high hopes and proud confidence. Of these, Mr. Burne-Jones has selected, first, Sir Gawain, whe, instead of the Graal-

Found a silk pavilion in a field, And merry maidens in it;

and next, Sir Lancelot, who, whatever may have been his disqualifications, was at least endowed with dauntless courage and perseverance, and who at last, after many perils, reached a door behind which he hoped to find the Holy Graal—but only to see it "pall'd in crimson samite," veiled and covered. In the fourth, and only completed tapestry, Mr. Burne-Jones shows us the end of Sir Galahad's journey; but he has not treated the legend absolutely after the Tennyson rendering. Mr. Burne-Jones represents the pure and humble-hearted Sir Galahad. Jones represents the pure and humble-hearted Sir Galahad on his knees at the door of the chapel in which "at the sacring of the mass" he was permitted to see the Holy Graal descend upon the shrine. The figure of Sir Galahad in his ecstatic devotion, in the tapestry, as in the original design, excites less interest than that of the storm-tossed, stern face of Sir Perceval, who, wearing Enid's pearl-sleeve on his arm, stands on one side of the picture. On the other side Mr. Burne-Jones has introduced a section of the chamber in which stouds the introduced a section of the chamber in which stands the



"SIR GALAHAD AND THE HOLY GRAAL,"

Arras Tapestry by Messrs. Morris and Co., designed by Mr. E. Burne-Jones, in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

clock had coased. I waited, and the old clock began again. Now you must please to understand that three or four days before this 1 had heard that same chorus rendered with wonderful precision and effect, and it had stirred me with a profound sense of wouler and joy all the more intense because it was so familiar. But what made the clock stop and then go on again? Oh, you wise ones! Of course you will account for it. I know all about your theories, and if you ask me how long it stopped I can only say it was for a space of time somewhat between five minutes and circle because the content of the problem. was for a space of time somewhat between five minutes and eight hours. But nothing shall persuade me it was for less than five minutes. I tell you I sat up and listened for it, and the thing wouldn't go on! Then I laid me down again and closed my eyes, for they were very weary, and they ached and throbbed. But sleep had gone from me. I was horribly wakeful. I became conscious that I had no will. I was like the man in Horsee, who was presented with a deliver that I had no will. man in Horace, who was possessed with a delusion that lie was sitting in a theatre, and scene after scene was shifted, and the dancers danced, and the players played, and the drama went on in its regular course, and that poor man redoubled his applause. So it was with me; but I took all the parts, and the dialogue came from me, it did not come to me. It was a glorious and elaborate tragedy. There was a poor desolate maiden, who was most cruelly wronged; and I hated myself when a tall and burly Jow flouted her, stabbed her, and hid the dagger in her lover's scabbard, and then went on to play the part of virtue's champion, and was triumphant after all. I, hated myself for conniving at the crime, but I lay there passive, wide awake and passive. I felt my arm was getting very cold, but I had not the power to inove it under the bedelothes. When I did shift my posture imagination seemed to have passed from me, and memory was roused to preternatural activity. It began by my seeing my grandfather springing out of his yellow chariot; and I wondered why he were that queer little pigtail, and who tied it up for him. People man in Horace, who was possessed with a delusion that lie queer little pigtail, and who tied it up for him. People long dead came by the score, mixing with living men and women, talking, laughing, quarrelling. People I had never thought about for years, nor cared for at any time.

dear one by my side. I fenced with the anxious question, then I got up and looked at the stars. There was a mist covering the face of the earth, but not a sound, not the stir of a leaf. The moon had set. I was very, very weary. I laid me down again. I began to worry myself with regrets, with plans, with new schemes. An unaccountably fantastic wish presented itself. "As soon as I finish the half-dozen tasks I have in hand," I said, "I'll translate the 'Misopogan of Julian the Apostate!" That set me thinking of one of old Biddy's odd sayings: "Working men ha' got no call to have beards! They'd be a deal better without 'em. Esau was the first as we read on that wore a beard; and huch good it did him!" I was back again among my own people now, and covering the face of the earth, but not a sound, not the stir I was back again among my own people now, and memory, with some simple homely reminders, came to me with messages of refreshment. Hark! there was the sound of some travelling van that came on and on and passed along the road and went off into the distance till there was stillness again. "Suppose it was the phantom coach!" I thought to myself, and then there came back to me stories of that phantom coach, and I recalled them one by one till a flush of self-reproach startled me as I reflected that I had kept all these to myself from year to year, and that one or two of these stories would die with me if year, and that one or two of these stories would die with me if I did not write them down. I had almost utterly forgotten Biddy's weird story of Jarge Mace (they pronounce George Jarge in Aready) of Attleborough, and how the coach came to fetch him, "down there by Breccles Hall somewheres." It all came back upon me last night with extraordinary vividness. How had it come to pass that I had never told it to the world?

Then I thought I would write about it the very next day, and I began to plan it out and to give myself to the future—to the morrow—not to the hour, nor to yesterday and the times gone by. And so as I lay thinking consciously at last, strange to say, the clock stopped again, and there came another sound: a human hand—it was the hand of the Marchioness—was knocking at the door. I

hand of the Marchioness-was knocking at the door. I had been asleep for some hours after my spell of wakefulness, and it was time to rise and be about my work; for we all have our work-even we poor useless country parsons.

Holy Graal on an altar surrounded by angels in adoration. For the sake of balancing the design, this revelation of the object of the Quest may have been inevitable, but it in some degree mars the harmony of the composition. It is difficult to realise whether the conventional or realistic treatment of the legend is intended to prevail, and this doubt is increased by the comparison of the various details of the "setting" of the principal figures. The mass of brilliant flowers with which the foreground is lighted up is conceived in a very different spirit from that which marks the background—a gloomy wood on one side a realistic back with joint to the property of gloomy wood on one side, a realistic beach with conventional waves on the other. The limitations of tapestry work are obvious and strongly defined; and we well know that in the Flemish and Italian work of the sixteenth century similar contradictions are regarded with favour. In any attempt, therefore, to revive the arts and crafts of the Middle Ages it would be out of place to take exception to adherence to the rule that seemingly presides over the work which issues from Messrs. Morris's workshops.

A railway collision, by which eighteen persons were killed and thirty-four injured, took place on Oct. 13 at Jackson, on the Michigan Central Railway, in the United

It is worthy of note, as an indication that high-class periodical literature is as much appreciated in this country as it is in America, that the whole of the first edition of the Pall Mall Magazine for October was exhausted within eight days of its publication, the number being now out of print.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in his address at the diocesan conference, said that the Bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales would probably go much further than the corresponding Irish Act. Three powerful forces were at work—religious theory, social jealousy, and downright irreligious hostility. They had an anxious future before them, not only in regard to the Church in Wales but to the relations of the Church and the world in the days to come.

## THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND, No. VI.-CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THE GREAT HALL: DINNER-TIME.

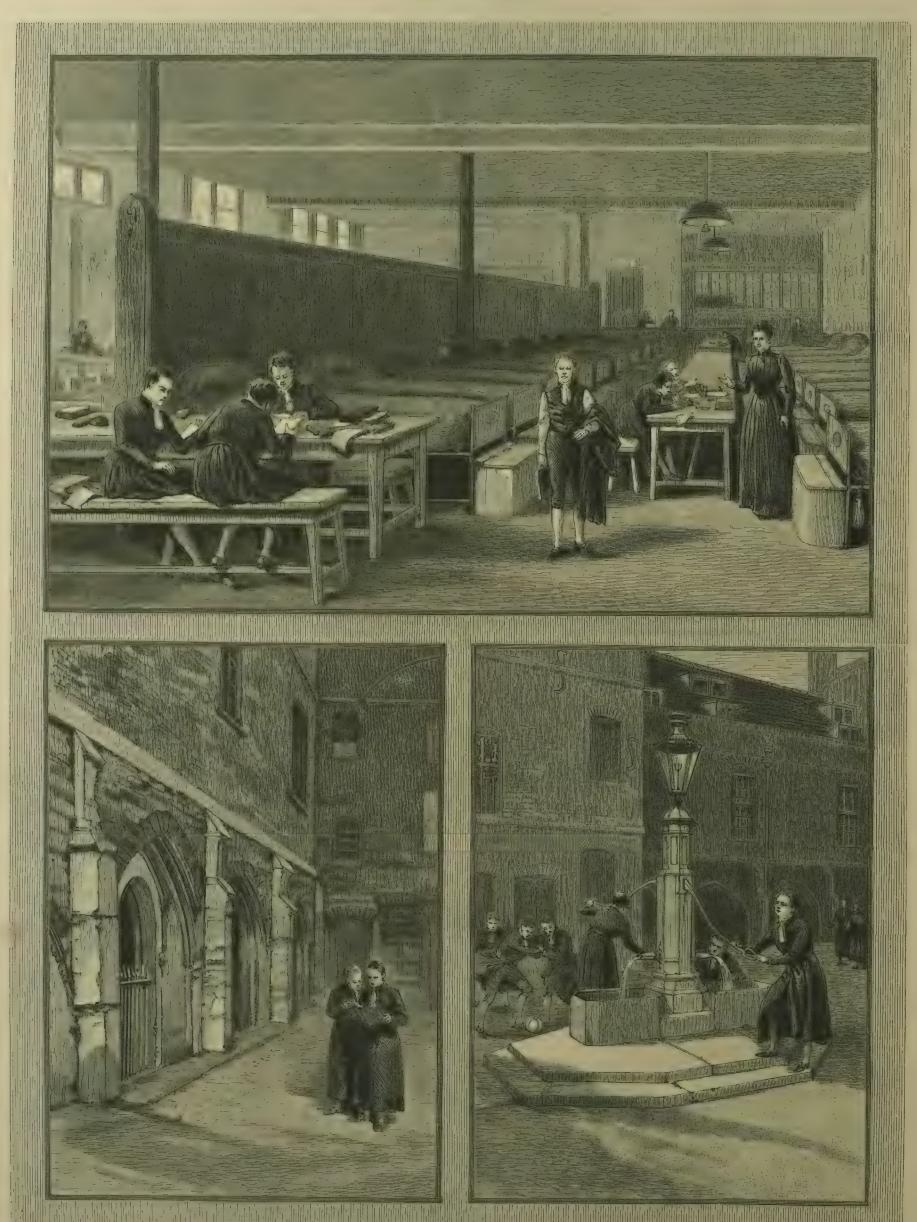






THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND, No. VI.-CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

"SIXES": A DORMITORY.



"THE GIFFS."

"JOHNNY'S" AND THE PUMP.

## THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.



N the very midst of the roar of London traffic and the ceaseless hurry of City commerce, in the very heart of that desert where unfamiliar faces are countless as grains of sand, the unsuspecting traveller is apt to find himself suddenly coming upon a veritable oasis. The rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs are muffled into a gentle hum by the large houses that shut it in almost on all sides. If he enters the building on a week-day morning between

eleven and twelve, the change from the crowd in the streets to the void in the quadrangles is almost enough to make him gasp for breath. He will do well to halt a moment, and even uncover his head, as the Western equivalent of taking his shoes from his feet, for the place whereon he stands is indeed holy ground, sacred for something short of seven centuries to the cause of philanthropic education. He will let his thoughts range back, not to the comparatively modern era of the Tudors, but to the semi-heroic age of the early Plantagenets; to the day when, footsore and in mean attire, two not very monk-like monks



STATUE OF BLUECOAT BOY.

and admired their

self-denial. Soon a fixed dwelling

was pressed upon

them in the ward

of Farringdon

Within, in the

parish of St.

Nicholas - in - the-

Shambles, and the

names of those

citizens who

thought well

enough of these

patient workers to

lend a hand in

giving them a

arrived in the City after a long trudge from Dover. They made their way finally to "Stinking Lane" in Newgate, from no other reason than because it stank, for they were of the poor brethren of St. Francis of Assisi, and their master had bidden them fix their dwelling, if they could, where they were likely to meet famine and fever and leprosy and livid disease of all kinds. Their object was to relieve pain and encourage sanitation, and make life more wholesome and thought more sweet. In a certain degree they succeeded. The Londoners appreciated their efforts



MATHEMAT'S BADGE.

Joyner built the choir, William Walleis the nave, Walter Porter the chapter-house, Gregory Bokesley the dormitories, Bartholomew de Castello the refectory, Roger Bond the library. Nominis umbra, each one; but through their efforts the Franciscans, who had begun with mud-huts, found themselves tenants in perpetuity, as they thought, of a great collegiate establishment, which for the present, at any rate, was commodious enough to be hospital and almshouse and academy all at once for their immediate neighbourhood. As they laboured, so their popularity and their property grew. A century after their first settlement royal munificence built them a church three hundred feet in length, and within yet another century Whittington had erected, on the site of what is now known as the Grecian's Cloister, or profanely as the Grec's Cloi', a spacious library, whose appearance is familiar in prints of no very ancient date. Francis said, "No books but a breviary"; commonsense and the course of centuries called for education, and the wealth that they amassed enabled them to give it. But in the end riches were their ruin. The Plantagenet gave place to the Tudor, and the Tudor, in the person of that "most redowted, puysant, and noble Prince," that "most dradd, beloved, and naturall soveraigne Lorde," King Henry VIII., thought that he could make quite as good use of the money in the Franciscans' coffers as ever they had made. There was no false sentiment about him; he did not care that there had been pious gifts from "foure queens, four dutchesses," and innumerable folk of lesser degree who had come to lay their bones under the convent's shelter, while the brethren prayed for their souls. In 1539 their goods were confiscated, or, rather, by a pleasant fiction, they "surrendered" their house "wythe all lands, tenements, gardens, medowes, waters, pondyards, fedyngs," et hoc genus omne, and their place knew them no more.

Anyone but Henry would have guessed the result. The monasteries are supposed to have provided shelter for a fifth of the population, and that the "submerged" fifth. Withdraw the shelter, and the streets are instantly flooded with beggary and misery and vice. Latimer was wise to suggest a provision before the dissolution; Ridley was

active in demanding a remedy when the mischief was done; Gresham the elder, in 1545, appealed to Henry to set apart the various monastic establishments, which had been emptied of their contents, as asyla for the sundry forms of poverty, aged and youthful. The result was that the stately church already mentioned was allowed to stand and serve the needs of some three parishes, and the Franciscan building and demesne were given over to the Mayor and Commonalty of London "for the reliefe of the poore." The gift was to be perpetual, so that no future monarch could withdraw it; and it must have gladdened the heart of Nicholas

Ridley, who was permitted to announce its consummation from the pulpit of Paul's Cross. It lies behind the whole history of Christ's Hospital, for without it Newgate Street would not be to-day associated with the last of the great London school sites.

It would have been scarcely fair to pass by with any less acknowledgment the more than three centuries of educational work accomplished by the Franciscans, for when, in the year 1552, that part of their old building which is now Christ's Hospital was once more opened, it was only to take up the work again pretty much where they had left it. The old order

had changed a little; the friars were gone, and the despoiler of the friars was gone, but Edward VI., his son, reigned in his stead. The father gave the buildings to the City for the "reliefe of the poore"; the son gave them over again. The first gift was not made use of; the second was pushed on into active working by the City Fathers. They instituted a sort of Hospital Sunday;

they even printed a sermon for the clergy to preach in their appeal for subscriptions, and, as though to have all the advantages of Hospital Saturday at the same time, they distributed collectingboxes through the various wards. The response was immediate. The citizens soon had a sum large enough



THE CHARLES LAMB MEDAL.

to enable them to furnish the buildings, and other funds taken from the Savoy and elsewhere were handed over by the Crown for the same purpose. It was in this rather easy manner that Edward VI. founded Christ's Hospital. But it is a great thing for a school to have a hero, and "the boy patron of boys," as Elia loved to call him, has left the school the force of his example and the fame of his erudition—a goodly heritage which has always been prized highly by his scholars.

From that day to within the last five years the fountain of philanthropic generosity has poured its streams into the treasury of the hospital. The number first admitted, two hundred and eighty, was never regarded as a standard. In very early days there may once or twice have been fewer than that number within the walls, but for the greater part of this century it has been multiplied nearly fourfold. Alas that 1893 should see it once more curtailed! It is



THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL AND GIRLS' SCHOOL, HERTFORD.

not possible here to mention all who have endeavoured to advance the usefulness of the school, but many will be surprised to know that King Charles II. is among them and demands a hearing. Those who have followed Mr. Pepys in his daily walk from "up in the morning early" till "and so to bed" will know that he did not disdain to give considerable time and thought to Christ's Hospital affairs. His latest and most thorough-going editor, Mr. II. B. Wheatley, is quite right in saying (p. xlvii.) that Pepys "succeeded in preserving from impending ruin the mathematical foundation which had been originally designed by him, and through his anxious solicitations endowed and cherished

### THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND, No. VI.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL: THE HALL PLAY.

by Charles II. and James II." The royal endowment, however, was very nominal, and here again private munificence was really responsible for the success of the venture.

The Royal Mathematical School which was thus started in 1673 is one of the characteristic features of the school. Its pupils were to be trained for the Navy and the Merchant



OLD STYLE

Service, and to wear upon their left shoulders the familiar badge, with the legend "Auspicio Caroli Secundi Regis, 1673," of which we give an Illustration. At one time they were inclined to antedate their active service by practising a general piracy and terrorism upon the rest of the school. They had a sort of naval barracks all to themselves in a corner of the grounds, from which they sallied out upon their smaller and weaker brethren. Time has brought them more peaceful propensities, and those who do not enter the Merchant Service are now content to compete for assistant clerkships or to qualify as engineers in H.M. Royal Navy

But we left our visitor astonished to find himself in a quiet quadrangle. He has probably come down the passage from Newgate Street, and passed on his right the church of which the boys of the Hospital are

almost the only congregation. A statue of the pious founder looks down on him as he enters the walls and finds himself in an asphalt court, which, as a tree or a blade of grass is the last thing to be found there, rejoices in the name of "The Garden." The cuphemism may, however, be possibly due to the fact that it contains the school tuck-shop, a flourishing business concern which has neither "gone limited" nor ever spent a penny in advertisements, and yot things go well with it. Behind the shop, which the initiated know only as "Johnny's," runs the one building of antiquarian interest in the Hospital. An old cloister, part of the original quadrangle, has survived the ravages of the Fire, and though its floor is several feet below the present level of the Garden, it once gave on to green turf and flower-beds. There may have been reasons why it was dubbed "The Giffs"; but that is by no means certain.

It is impossible not to mourn the loss of Whittington's Library, which once ran along the north side of the Garden and separated it from the next "open space," which all Blues know as "The Ditch." Names are treacherous things, and the reader must not suppose that in crossing it there is anything into which he is liable to fall; for, in that case, there would have been a grievous mortality already, as most boys and many masters pass through it several times a day to the classical and mathematical class-rooms. It is as sweet-smelling to-day as it can be expected to be in London; but there was a time when the Fleet Ditch, the cloaca maxima of the City, ran along that way without sufficient modesty even to hide its face, till one Calthrop, "citizen and draper," arched it over at his own expense.

The high buildings in these two playgrounds are the dormitories, or "wards," which have to do double duty as sitting-rooms by day and bed-rooms by night, but, as they are nearly all lefty and all well ventilated, there is no hardship in this. We give an Illustration of one of them, easily



A BLUE A CENTURY AGO.

recognised as "Sixes," the only ward on the groundfloor. It has always been a matter of regret that it has been impossible so far to introduce the excellent system of masters' houses into the school arrangements. At present, whereas at Eton a boy's house-master is "My Dame," at Christ's Hospital he has to submit to the wardmastership of a matron, and it is not the good lady's fault if she sometimes finds the responsibility of discipline more than she can manage. Everyone remembers "the petty Nero" of Charles Lamb's days, who, says Elia, "nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may

seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his), he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the ward." The silly beast, waxing fat and kicking, "blew such a ram's-horn blast" that he was "dismissed with certain attentions to Smithfield, but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion." Well, those days, at any rate, are gone, for there is no institution that changes so fast as one in which the outward form remains the same; and, alas!

if they were still here, we have no Elia to tell their story.

There is no need to describe ward life in any further detail, save that each boy is brought up to manage for himself, to make his bed and clean his boots, till he rises, if he ever does rise, to monitorial dignity, when he may hire a youth to perform such offices for him. As the "swabs" have not yet formed a trade union, or even struck for higher wages, the presumption is that they are content; and, as a matter of fact, such posts are keenly coveted.

But we must leave the Garden and the Ditch, and pass westward into the "Hall Play," against whose iron railings the Newgate Street idler loves to lean, and which even busy folk rarely pass without turning their heads to glance at the Blues, as they run to and fro within. It is here that ward football matches, a very keen competitions, take place in the morning before London is fairly awake, and this is, in fact, the only playground where football is lawful. But the loafer's favourite time for watching is just before one o'clock, when the boys "line up" dinner: each ward forms a company, with its attendant standard-bearer, and a band, conducted, as all bands should be, by a Godfrey, plays them into the hall. That very stately edifice is, it must be confessed, just the least bit of a delusion, for one need not be very unwary to mistake its buttresses for contemporaries of Eton and King's; but, though not seventy years old, it has taken very kindly to the appearance of antiquity, and nothing could well be more venerable than its interior. The organ has a mellow tone, the wainscoting is hoary, the armorial windows are "richly dight." There is no prettier

spectacle in Lon-

don than this Hall

presents on a fes-

tive occasion, a

concert, a public

supping; but our

Artist, as a practical man, has

shown us the

interior at dinner-

time, and again it

is worth noticing,

as a sterling ad-

vantage of the

régime, that those

sixteen tables have

been spread with-

out the help of a

single servant.

The boys have not,

indeed, cooked the

Speech Day,



viands, having other things to do, but they have brought them to table and are none the less hungry for it. Before their meal a Grecian from the pulpit reads an ancient and beautiful grace, and then passes up to the table upon the daïs, where his fellows sit "like gods together, careless of mankind."

Something, then, may be appropriately added here as to the various distinctions of class and status, which prevail in this old-world community. The "new scheme" has become a sort of anathema within the precincts of the school, and it is not possible to be exact as to the kaleidoscopic contortions through which the body corporate of Christ's Hospital is now passing. But these are the rough facts. A youngster who has passed his

entrance examination, and been all-gloriously arrayed in the only picturesque dress that time has left us, is despatched straightway to the preparatory school at Hertford to be licked into shape. Within a year and a half he will probably be "oxed up to London," and begin his struggle for existence in Newgate Street. The prize in view is the privilege of being kept on after the ordinary age of leaving, between fifteen and sixteen, so as finally to qualify for scholarships at the Universities and for school exhibitions, of which the number and size depend on the state of the Hospital's

Grecians men call them, and Grecians, of course, they actually are; and leading up to that high office there are both Junior Grecians and Deputy Grecians, so blessed is it to find yourself in the ante-room and even the entrance-half of Greciandom. The classes below bear a name of more surpassing interest, for they testify to the influence of a Dutchman on English education. They call themselves Erasmus, Great or Little, as the case may be. No man knows when they began to be so named, no one knows certainly why. It has been the custom to ascribe it to their originally having as classbook the celebrated

"Colloquies." But Erasmus was before all things a Hellenist, who welcomed Greece as she rose from the grave with the Greek Testament and the Greek Classics in her hand, and we are convinced that it was due to their study of Greek that these classes took as their eponymous hero the great Greek Professor of the Renascence.

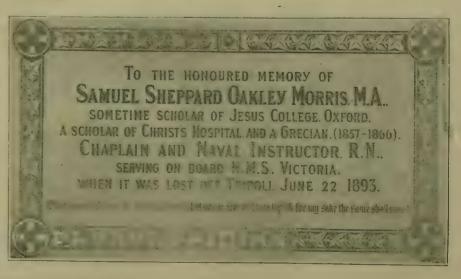
But, except the use of these names, there is nothing to separate the scholastic life of the Hospital from that of any other foundation. Even a modern side has slipped into existence without any of the old Classics expressing a belief that education is a thing of the past, and there are many great commercial employers who send a notice to Christ's Hospital the moment a vacancy occurs in their staff. But two pictures which we give will possibly cause a little surprise. Few



AN OLD SOUP-LADLE.

besides those who are actually connected with the old foundation know that it provides education for a number of girls as well. A picturesque corner of the Hertford school has long been set apart for their use. Fifty years ago they were clad in a quaint puritanical garb of which we give a sketch. To-day they have conformed to modern modes of dress and qualified for modern methods of usefulness. No such change has happened to the boys. Though they have dropped the yellow petticoat, and ceased to carry the little cloth bun which was meant to cover the head, but actually served as a drinking-cup at the pump, they are the only representatives of the Tudor in our streets.

What then has Christ's Hospital contributed from time to time to the glory or the grace of our national life? If the actual numbers who have shared its benefits be considered, the answer will be disappointing. But it must be remembered that the comparative poverty of many of the homes from which they come represents a considerable bar to early success or patriotic achievement. Yet the school has shared in all the great movements of her long life. She gave George Peele to the Elizabethan lyrists, and Campion to Jesuit intrigue; she taught Camden to satisfy the antiquarian tastes of James I., and Markland to fill the Greek Chair at Cambridge and be mentioned in the same breath as Porson. Warren Hastings entered "John Company's" service on a certificate from her commercial masters; and all the world knows the fame of that gentle, amicable trio who paced the cloisters just a century ago-Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard"; Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, earliest of English bishops in India; and Charles Lamb, a crazy sister's faithful protector, and loyal adviser of his friends. that come after are too many to name, though India owes something to Sumner Maine and Louis Cavignari. But the pride of Christ's Hospital to-day is the most laudable of all school prides-that of doing what she can for the education of England. Not to speak of the fact that for seventeen years she has been ruled with a wise hand by one of the sons whom she has brought up, two colleges (one at Oxford, one at Cambridge) are her debtors for their Heads, she has sent Haig Brown to Charterhouse and Bell to Marlborough, Reichel to Bangor and Francis to Blundell's. Though she has done all this she is consumed to-day by reason of the heavy hand of the reformer upon her. Sic transit. Christ's Hospital in Sussex may be able one day to challenge such schools as her



sons now administer in cricket or in football, as she is now able to throw them in the tournament of scholarship examinations. But the old character of the institution is undergoing an unwilling change, and the future lies "upon the knees of the gods." The new scheme has dried up the channels of benevolence and flooded the Hospital with the deep waters of financial distress. Fortunately, her affairs on that side are guided, as they were at the beginning, by an alderman-treasurer, and her sons are filial enough to hope that she has fair weather and a clear course before her.

### ART NOTES.

Mr. Watanabe Scitei, the exhibition of whose works very properly inaugurates the season at the Japanese Gallery (28, New Bond Street), may occupy a very distinct place among the artists of his own country. Like many others who have probably risen to some eminence there, he displays who have probably risen to some eminence there, he displays great fluency, and occasionally some solidity in his drawings, especially of birds. In the treatment of these, as well as of fishes and flowers, he follows the traditions of former Japanese artists; but when he turns to landscapepainting, it seems as if he had been infected with a certain taint of French Impressionism, of which he has failed to seize the spirit and intention. Now and then his atmospheric effects are distinctly good—as in the rendering of rain and mountain mists. He is, in the rendering of rain and mountain mists. He is, however, to be seen at his best in his more minute and careful painting of birds—where the play of light upon their variegated plumage gives him full opportunity of displaying that accurate knowledge of common objects which the Japanese seem to possess instinctively.

The hostile criticism which is being so unfairly directed against Mr. Alfred Gilbert's fountain is the natural revulsion from the indiscriminating praise which was layished upon it at the time of its inauguration. From the first it was maintained in these columns that Mr. Gilbert had attempted to reconcile two essentially incompatible aims — a display fountain and a drinking fountain. In those countries where street fountains are prominent features either no sense of utilitarianism entered the architect's mind—as, for instance, in the fountains of Paris, Nîme Lyons, and other French cities—or else the water adaptable for household purposes was to be carried away in cans and pails, as in the street fountains of Swiss towns and the more ornate specimens in iron-work in South Germany. In c'ther of the alternatives a full jet or fall of water is, as it were, the raison d'être of the fountain; but to allow a course to dribble out as minoral restore in but to allow a source to dribble out as mineral waters in a German Kurhaus is not reconcilable with an imposing rush or cataract. Another defect of Mr. Gilbert's memorial is that the metal-work, of which we readily admire the beauty in design and execution, is altogether obscured by the heavy stone-work by which it is overhung. On a site where the best conditions of light prevailed the details of this work would have been with difficulty appreciated, but in London atmosphere they are altogether obscured, and, unless we are very much mistaken, it will be found that even the painfully poised aluminium figure at the summit will fail to resist the "tone - giving" properties of the same

The report made by Mr. C. H. Read, Assistant Keeper of Mediceval Antiquities, on the historical exhibition at Madrid has now been printed by order of the trustees of the British Museum. It is not only a paper of the greatest value to those who are interested in all that bears upon Columbus and the discovery of the New World, but it reveals and appreciates the value of certain art treasures which in many cases had been for centuries hidden in the crypts and treasuries of Central America. The Republic of Colombia seems to be especially rich in valuable relics referring to the sixteenth century, but other States—which we, as a rule, only hear of through their revolutions or bankruptcies—showed that they were still the undisturbed possessors of many mediæval treasures.

The cathedrals of Spain, however, are, after all, the main sources whence the most remarkable objects were drawn, but Mr. Read observes that the display, magnificent as it was, did not represent more than one-fifth of what remained hidden in the more remote churches and religious houses of the Peninsula. The monastery of Las Huelgas at Burgos sent the standard of the Almohade Sultan, captured by Alfonso VIII. in 1212, while Alfonso's own standard was lent from the cathedral at Burgos. The Bandera del Salado, formed of sixteen rescents The Bandera del Salado, formed of sixteen crescents of gold, belonging to the cathedral of Toledo, and assigned to the following century, is better authenticated, as well as of striking beauty of design and colour. Among the armour the swords of Boabdil, the last Moorish King of Granada, are interesting as showing the conflicting influences of Moorish and Christian art; although in one case at least, that lent by the Church of San Marcelo at Lean, it is probable that the artifician of San Marcelo at Leon, it is probable that the artificer was a Jew, who unwittingly expressed the prevailing feeling of his day. Another sword, attributed to the same period, and exhibited by the Marques de Viane, is perhaps one of the fract regions. of the finest specimens of Arab art.

Visitors to Chicago this year are, at all events, unanimous that the exhibition of pictures by American artists is the most interesting feature of the World's Fair. To the majority of European visitors the revelation of the scope of American art was as unexpected as it was delightful. Sargent, Dannat, Alexander Harrison, and, in a less themse. Bridgens and a few others are known on this side. degree, Bridgman and a few others, are known on this side of the Atlantic; and the high esteem in which their work is held is shown by the prominence given to it in exhibitions London and Paris. Church and Bierstadt are probably only known by their huge panoramic landscapes; and by a smaller circle specimens of the more refined work of Lafarge may have also been seen. But only to those who have had the opportunity of visiting the New World have the landscapes of Inness, the brilliant atmospheric effects of W. M. Chase, the freshness and strength of Twachtman, Tryon, and half a dozen equally able artists, been revealed. The names even of Dewing, Wills, Blum, and Weir, who in various branches of painting have achieved success, are scarcely heard in this country, and their works are wholly unknown. It is surely time that someone should organise a thoroughly representative exhibition of American art either in London or Paris in order that artists may see with whom they have to compete, and that the Old World may realise how the New World has profited by its lessons. The proverbial liberality of Americans will not allow itself to be outdone by Englishmen; and we feel sure that as the owners of English pictures here have readily lent them for exhibition at Chicago and Philadelphia, American owners will not be backward in supporting any well considered scheme of exhibition on this side of the

### THE MATABELE WAR.

We have to announce the outbreak of another war-a short and summary one, let us hope-between the British European settlers in South Africa and the last remaining hostile federation of warlike native tribes, called the Matabele, an offspring of the Zulu nation which gave so much trouble fourteen years ago on the borders of Natal and the Transvaal. The Matabele are in number about two hundred thousand, ruled since 1870 by King Lobengula, whose chief kraal or town is Buluwayo, situated nearly half-way between North Bechuanaland, a British Protectorate, and Mashonaland, the territory ceded to the British South Africa Company. Company's pioneers went to Mashonaland about four years ago, they had purchased the consent of Lobengula, and were not molested by the Matabele on their route. But the Matabele are a predatory nation, addicted to kidnapping the defenceless people of other races for the purpose of slavery; and the younger warriors, banded together in "impis," or regiments of spearmen, under their respective "indunas," the feudal chiefs of the Matabele kingdom, have latterly made cruel inroads into Mashonaland, which the old King Lobengula dares not attempt to restrain. The state of affairs has become intolerable, and there seems to be no remedy but that of breaking up the Matabele bands by a military expe-dition and driving their turbulent chiefs northward towards

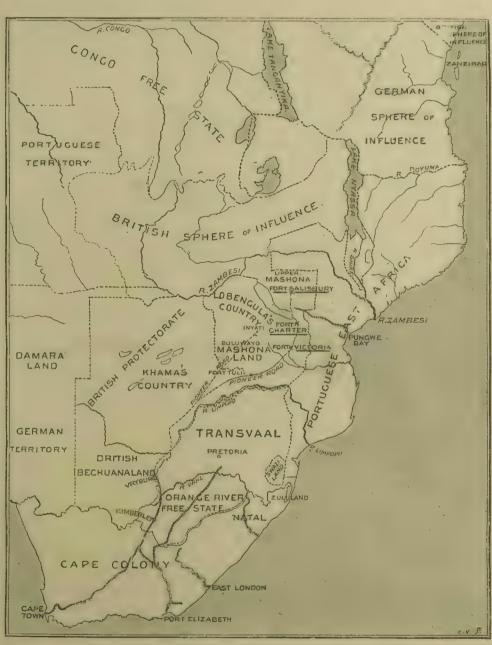
### MATABELELAND.

A CHAT WITH COLONEL SIR F. CARRINGTON, K.C.M.G. LATE COMMANDING BECHUANALAND BORDER POLICE.

It is a far cry from Cheltenham to Matabeleland, but once inside Colonel Carrington's beautiful house in College Lawn I was, so to speak, immediately in touch with those distant regions which are just at present attracting so much public attention. All around me were evidences of the adventurous career of the gallant Colonel, whose name is so indelibly associated with the records of South African warfare. Zulu assegais, Matabele spears, Pondo shields, formidable Kaffir knobkerries, and other implements of savage warfare met my eye in artistic array on all sides, while the abundant evidences all round of the sporting proclivities of the man gave the hall the appearance almost of a museum. The walls positively bristled with trophics of the characteristics are supported by the characteristics of the characteristics. of the chase, doubtless precious souvenirs of many an exciting day's sport in a country where to be considered a good sportsman is really to be one, in the true sense of the word, and not as it is understood by the jeunesse dorée of clubland, to whom "big game" and "roughing it" are almost unknown quantities.

On the strength of our acquaintance during the Bechuanaland Campaign in 1884-85, when for a short period I had the pleasure of serving under the Coloncl in the famous "Carrington's Horse," I had ventured to come down to Cheltenham on the off-chance of having a chat with him, and perchance making a sketch.

I was shown into a small study, where I found the



SOUTH AFRICA, SHOWING POSITION OF MATABELELAND.

the Zambesi. The geographical position, as will be seen by a glance at the map, is entirely favourable to this operation; for Matabeleland, on three sides—namely, the Tati district of Bechuanaland to the south-west, Forts Macloutsie and Tuli to the south, and Mashonaland, with Fort Victoria, Fort Charter, and Fort Salisbury to the east and north-east—is almost surrounded by British and to the south, and Mashonaland, with the south and north-east—is almost surrounded by British and the south and stations. armed stations, at distances from Buluwayo varying between 100 and 250 miles. There will now be a simultaneous advance from all these points, with a comparatively small number of irregular troops; not exceeding 2500 altogether, consisting of those in the service of the British East Africa Company, organised by the Hon. Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, at Fort Charter and Fort Victoria, and the Bechuanaland Border Police, commanded by Colonel Goold Adams, with a native contingent furnished by Colonel Goold Adams, with a native contingent furnished by Khama, the loyal ally of his British protectors, to advance, apparently, from Fort Tati. The distance from Fort Tuli to Buluwayo, in a perfectly straight line, is somewhat over one hundred miles, and the distance from Fort Charter to Buluwayo, as the crow flies, is over two hundred miles, but the actual march would be longer. Both tracks have been travelled by mounted men, cattle, and wagons in time of peace. The Matabele warriors seldom use firearms or ride on horses, but form a phalanx of spearmen with light shields, not to be despised in close fighting; and are very crafty. Iving in be despised in close fighting; and are very crafty, lying in ambush among the rocks. Their mode of warfare, however, is thoroughly understood by all experienced settlers in that part of South Africa, who will take care to guard against any surprise on the march.

Colonel almost hidden behind a pile of letters and telegrams. "Very glad to meet you again," he exclaimed as he shook me warmly by the hand, with that genial cordiality of manner which has not a little helped to make him so popular in South Africa. "You are lucky in catching me in, as I have only just this instant come back from hunting. What can I do for you? Want to go out to Africa again, soldiering? No? What, sketch me and have a chat about Matabeleland? Well, I suppose I'd better grin and bear it, since you've got me here. So help better grin and bear it, since you've got me here. yourself to a whisky-and-soda, take a cigar out of that

box, and fire away."

"Lots of things have happened out in South Africa since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, Colonel."

"Yes," was the reply. "The country's woke up wonderfully since Sir Charles Warren's expedition and the commencement of the railway. You would hardly believe it possible to have done so much in so few years; and where in your time were only small native settlements are now rising and prosperous towns with a very big future before them if all goes well."

"With regard to the present trouble, Colonel," I asked, "in your opinion will the annihilation of Lobengula definitely settle the question of civilisation in these parts?

"Of the northern part of South Africa only; for the Pondos must undoubtedly be dealt with some day, and possibly in the not distant future. At the present moment, however, the Matabele are the great stumbling-block of the country—emigration, trade, and, in fact, everything being affected by the present crisis. This is why I feel convinced that there must be no shilly.

shallying with this expedition. It must be a clean job, or not at all; for if the niggers gain the slightest advantage now there will be no end of trouble, and trouble which may spread to other parts of South Africa, for among natives the war-fever is contagious."

"And what do you estimate Lobengula's strength at?"

"I know for certain of 15,000 men, and there may be more. Out of this number only a few are armed with rifles-1000 Martini-Henrys in all, and they have only 100,000 rounds of ammunition for them; but they will depend chiefly on their heavy assegais, battle-axes, and knobkerries, which are their favourite weapons in warfare. The fact of the matter is that Lobengula's warriors do not realise what they are about to bring on themselves, for they are accustomed to speak of the white men as 'dogs,' and are full of their own conceit. Whether this conceit is backed up by the reckless courage of the Zulus remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that the bulk of the army is composed of renegades, and that there is very little left of the old Zulu fighting stock."

"In your opinion, is the present expedition sufficiently strong to cope with them?"

"I have my doubts, and it is for that reason I have offered my services again to the Secretary of State, and I am ready to start at a moment's notice. I should

like to see more men raised; there are plenty of good men only too eager to join if there is really to be fighting: these would form a reserve to support those already operating, and enable them to follow up any success, or to render assistance should there be unfortunately a repulse."

"And when you were out there commanding the Border Police did the Matabele give you much trouble?"
"No; they were pretty quiet while I was on the spot.

After seven years' waiting for a bit of excitement it's rather hard lines that no sooner had I left than something occurs. I left simply because I was sick of the monotony up there,"

"And the Mashonas, are they really so angelical as they are painted in comparison with the Matabele?"



POLICE SENTRY AT FORT TULI.

"Well, hardly; they are certainly very inoffensive, but they are awful thieves and liars."

"And the Bechuanaland Border Police? If you will excuse me, Colonel, for prolonging my cross-examination, I should be grateful for a few particulars about the force we have read so much of lately."

"I am only too delighted to tell you anything you may wish to know," replied my host, courteously. "The B.B.P. was raised and organised by me in 1885,

after the Bechuanaland Expedition. Its present strength is 500 mounted men, armed with Martini-Henrys and sword-bayonets; besides which, there is an artillery detachment consisting of seven 7-pounders, three Maxims, two Nordenfelts, and one Gatling. I resigned my command last July. Lieutenant-Colonel Goold Adams took my

place. All the higher appointments of the corps are filled by officers from the army."

"And what is the pay of the men?"

"Very good; for troopers four shillings per day, and two shillings extra for rations. There is no doubt that for a young man coming out to the Cape without any fixed purpose it is an excellent billet, for while he is in it he is looking round and learning the country."

At this moment a servant entered with a trayful of letters. "More applications," remarked the Colonel, with a grin. "All this heap of letters and telegrams you see on the table I have received since yesterday from men who wish to go out with me—if I co."

"I suppose you don't trouble to answer them all?"

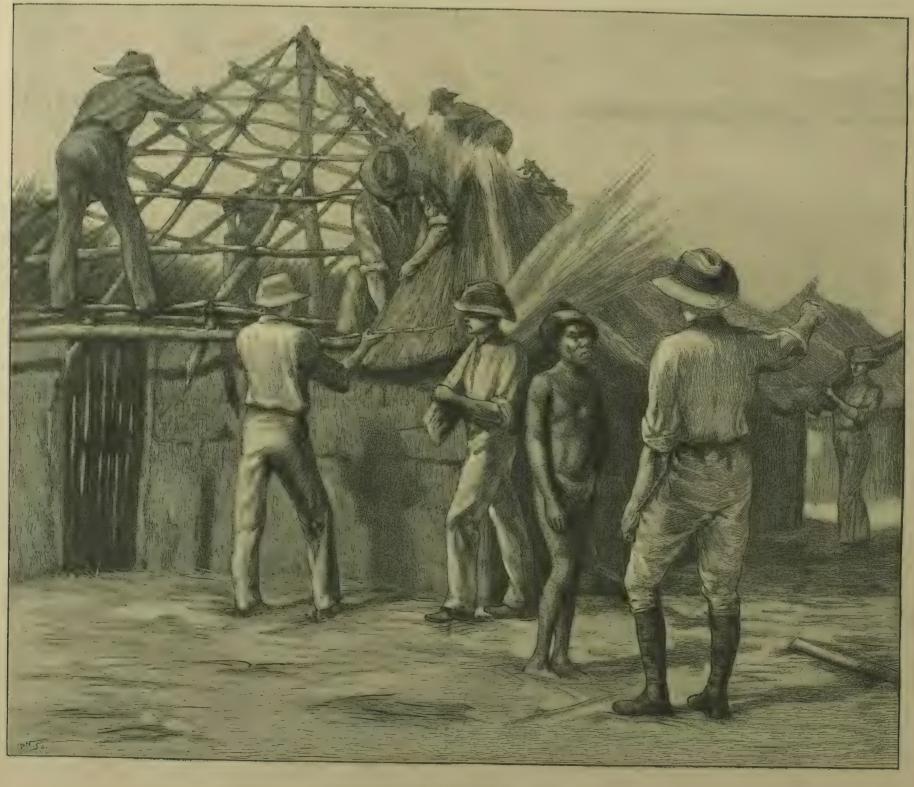
"Indeed I do—I not only reply to every letter, but even keep a list of the names and addresses in case I should ever want them; but at present there is no hance whatever for volunteers from England; we have too many men at the Cape who are accustomed

to such campaigns, and to whom I should give the preference if I wanted to raise a regiment."

"And the Boers—are they really as friendly as they pretend to be, for it is said they have offered to assist us?"

"I don't think they are required at all, though they doubtless mean well and would be extremely useful in the field. We are quite able to do the work by ourselves."

JULIUS M. PRICE.





A SAILOR'S KNOT.

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES,

### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The most startling paper read at the Church Congress-it has hardly been noticed at all—was Dr. Lauder Brunton's on Heredity. Dr. Brunton, who said, by-the-way, that one of the best expositions of heredity was to be found in Oliver Wendell Holmes's novel "The Guardian Angel," advocated an extreme form of the theory: "The tendency of science is to show more and more that a man's acts are the result of the qualities hereditarily transmitted to him by his ancestors, of the conditions which have surrounded him during his previous life and moulded his character, and on the circumstances in which he is situated at the moment." Dr. Brunton went on to accept the consequences. "We must judge criminals, not as offenders against a moral law, but as inconveniences to society." He naturally found some difficulty in reconciling this view with future rewards and amuschments. future rewards and punishments.

Dr. Brunton is a Scotchman, a native of Galashiels, and has the national interest in theology. He delivered in the Free Church College at Aberdeen a few years ago some lectures on the Bible and Science which were afterwards published. Like some other well-known scientists, Dr. Brunton is one of the congregation at St. Peter's, Vere Street, where the Rev. W. Page Roberts maintains his reputation as one of the most thoughtful preachers in Landon

The Bishop of Salisbury urges that the cumulative vote should be adopted for parish councils, so that the minority may not go unrepresented.

The Bishop of Woreester, quite undaunted by the munifestations at the Church Congress, proposes joining a reunion pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the early part of next year. He is expected to preach at Jerusalem.

In an interesting estimate of Archbishop Magee, his old chaplain, Canon A. S. Farrar, of Durham, says that though not a great thinker or a great writer, the late prelate will rank with the two contemporary Archbishops, Tait and Thomson. Magee may have made enemies, and he may have won respect rather than love. He suspected this, and though he never resented attacks, yearned for sympathy. His seeming change of religious position in his later years was not vacillation but expansion.

The Congregational Union has been discussing the problem of how to support the rural ministry. The agricultural depression has sorely strained the resources of country congregations. It seems probable that a plan analogous to the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church will ultimately be adopted. The meetings of the Union have been more largely attended than ever. It is a curious sign of the times that the appetite for ecclesiastical gatherings seems to be keener than ever before.

The late Sir William Smith was for many years Professor of Classics in the Independent College, St. John's Wood. When he threw himself on literature he became a Churchman. The precise extent of his learning was always more or less a mystery, but he was, in any case, a very able and far-seeing editor.

THE

## ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

THIS HIGH - CLASS

## LITERARY \* AND \* ARTISTIC \* MACAZINE

Has been purchased by the Proprietors of the

## Illustrated London

The OCTOBER NUMBER, considerably Enlarged, is NOW READY.

### CONTENTS.

LORD ABERDEEN . ON THE OLD SALT ROAD . . . . . . . . . . . . FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE COBURGERS AND THE ENGLISH COURT . Illustrations by W. B. Robinson

THE PATHOS OF THE COMMONPLACE .

Illustrations by W. D. Almond.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME L. F. AUSTINAND A. R. ROPES.

Illustrations by Dudley Hardy,

RANELAGH GARDENS . . AUSTIN DOBSON.

AT MONTE CARLO . . . I. THE PAYMASTER-GENERAL.

Drawn by PAUL RENOVARD

DEAR LOVE, COME BACK PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH IN AMERICA EDGAR FAWCETT.

AN UNPARDONABLE LIAR. CHAP, I. GILBERT PARK Illustrations by E. J. SULLIVAN.

WAX EFFIGIES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY A. G. BRADLEY.

A NATURALIST IN A SWISS FOREST. C. PARKINSON, F.G.S.

Illustrations by George E. Lodge

TALES OF REVENGE. I. AN ALPINE DIVORCE . R. BARR. Illustrations by Davidson Knowles

A PLEA FOR TOBACCO . . . LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

A COUNTERBLAST . . . MRS, LYNN LINTON. THE CLAW .

. RICHARD GARNETT. Illustrations by Robert Sauber.

A NEW HOLIDAY GROUND . . M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Illustrations by Holland Tringham. CANADA AND HER NEW GOVERNOR . PERCY A. HURD.

PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

Office: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

### CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Elitor.

Shadforth.—Your solution was quite right, and your name appears to have been omitted by accident. The error is rectified below.

Redman (Post-Office Chess Club).—Thanks for game.

W Raillem.—We are glad you like No. 2583. It is a pleasing reminiscence of a great composer.

A Newman.—We make it a rule to look at no problems without solutions. F J Ryden.—The solution of your problem is neat enough; but of what use is the B R at Q R sq? F James (Clapham).—You are wrong in every instance, and that is why your name does not appear in solvers' list. Your problem is sound but easy; it is, moreover, disfigured by a double mate in main play.

Tesouthors of Problem No. 2580 received from Hereward, Madame e (Parada de Gonta), and Pierre Legrand (Parada de Gonta); of 2581 from Shadforth and W T Robinson (New Mills); of No. 2582 W David (Cardiff), J F Moon, T G (Ware), Sidney Williams, and Humpstead). from W David (CAJ (Hampstead)

A J (Hampstead).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2583 received from T Roberts, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Joseph Willeock (Chester), E E H, Dawn, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Digamma, H S Brandreth, J D Tucker (Leeds), G Joicey, Charles Burnett, J Coad, Admiral Brandreth, F Waller (Luton), W Raillem, J Ross (Whitley), A Newman, Shadforth, J Dixon, T G (Ware), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H B Hurford, Martin F, Julia Short (Exeter), Sorrento, C E Perugini, E Louden, W Wright, R H Brooks, A N Harris, W R B (Plymouth), M Burke, and A E M'Clintock.

Correct Solutions of Mr. Mackenzie's Problem received from M Burke, Sorrento, and J Dixon.

Solution of Problem No. 2582.—By R. Kelly.

WHITE.

1. K to B 2nd
2. Kt (K 6) to K B 4th
3. Kt mates.

K to K 4th K takes Kt

SOLUTION OF MR. MACKENZIE'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.

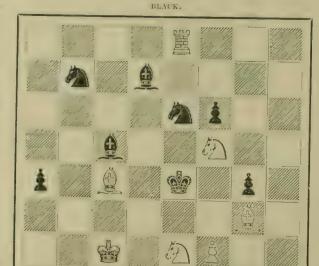
1. Q to R 8th

2. Kt to B 2nd

3. Q or B mates.

If Black play 1. P takes R; 2. B to B 7th (ch); If 1. P to K B 5.h, then 2. Q to K 4:h (ch), de.

PROBLEM No. 2585. By F. HEALEY.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA. Game played in the recent match between Mr. A. B. Hodge: and Herr Albin.

(Queen's l'awn Opening.)		
WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. A
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th	23. B takes Kt	Q takes B
2. K Kt to B 3rd K Kt to B 3rd	24. P to Kt 5th	Q to Q R sq
3. P to Q B 4th P to Q B 3r1	25. Q to R 2nd	Q to R 4th
4. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd	23. R to Q B 2nd	P to K B 4th
5. B to Q 3rd P to Q R 3rd	27. P to Kt 6th	P to K Kt 4th
6. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th	28. P to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 5th
7. P to Q B 5th P to Q R 4th	29. K R to Q B sq	P to K R 4th
8. Castles B to K 2nd	30. R to Q R sq	P to R 5th
9. Kt to K 5th	31. K to Kt 2nd	
It will generally be found good to place	82. Q to Kt 2nd	K to B 2nd
the At here at an carly stage in this open-	33. P takes P	R to Q R sq
ing, and support by P to B 4th.	34. Q to Kt 5th	B to Q sq
9. Q to B 2nd		
10. P to K B 4th Q Kt to Q 2nd	Another exceeding	gly pretty move
11. P to Q R 3rd P to K R 3rd	Clearly Black can ex Rook; but then follo	Change and Win 1h
12. B to Q 2nd B to Kt 2nd	1 15 to 15 2nd; 37, P to	Kt 6th. B to Kt sa
13. R to Q B sq B to R 3rd	38. P to B 6th, and Que	eens.
14. Q to K 2nd R to Q Kt sq	34.	. K to K 2nd
15. P to Q R 4th P to Kt 5th	35. Q takes Q	R takes Q
16. B takes B P takes Kt	36. P to B 6th	B takes P
17. B takes P Kt to K 5th	37. P to B 7th	B takes P
IS. B takes R P	38. R takes B (ch)	K to B 3rd
A pretty sac.ince. Two Pawns and the	39. P to R 5th	Kt t) Q 3rd
BOOK Combensa e. however and the	40. P to R 6th	Kt to B 2nd
Queen's side l'awns win afterwards.	41. P to R 7th	Kt to R sq
18. Q takes B	42. P to R 3rd	P takes P (ch)
19. Kt takes Q B P Q to B 2nd	43. K takes P	Kt to Kt 3rd
	41. K to Kt 3rd	Kt to R sq
An interesting alternative is R takes P, followed by Q takes B.	45. R to K R sq	K to Kt 3rd
	46. K to B 3rd	R to R sq
20. Kt takes R Kt takes Kt	47. R to Kt sa (ch)	and mine

"Chess-Player's Pocket Guide to Games at Odds," by G. H. D. Gossip (London: Ward and Downey).—We have frequently called attention to the want of a really good work on openings at odds, and here, at least, is some effort to fill the gap. The multiplication of chess clubs, and consequent spread of handicap play, makes every member a giver or receiver of odds, and to all such this little book must be extremely useful. As at present it stands almost alone in the field, a large demand ought to reward the enterprise of both compiler and publisher.

At the annual general meeting of the Faling Chess Curb and the compiler and publisher.

The whole game is well played, and full of entertainment.

22. P to Q Kt 4th Castles

At the annual general meeting of the Ealing Chess Club, a very satisfactory report was presented, and the prospects of the coming season are unusually good.

The Plymouth Chess Club's annual meeting also received a highly encouraging report, and nineteen new members have already been elected this season. An association has been formed for the county of Devon through the energy of the Rev. H. E. Briggs, president of the club.

The London School Board Chess Club held its annual meeting at the Ludgate Café on Oct. 4, when Mr. A. Howell played eleven simultaneous games, winning nine and losing two.

The Post Office Chess Club has changed its headquarters to the Ludgate Café, Ludgate Circus.

A meeting of Northern delegators was held, at A held.

A meeting of Northern delegates was held at Leeds to authorise Mr. J. M. Brown to arrange a match between North and South early next year. Lancashire, however, held aloof, some object on apparently existing on the part of its leading players to come to London.

A Piedmontese aeronaut, named Charbonnet, at Turin, on Oct. 11, having been married on that day, ascended in a balloon, with his newly wedded wife and with an assistant, to cross the Alps. The balloon fell to the ground, and Charbonnet was killed; the other two persons in the car were badly injured.

### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Amongst the little details that should be observed in the making up of the new gowns, one is that the trimming straight round the bottom of the skirt, and continued in hoops as far as up to the knees, should be discarded. It is just these little trifles which "date" dresses. Trimmings is just these little trifles which "date" dresses. Trimmings still run round the skirts, but either at the foot or near the hips, or in both those situations. Further, the line of trimming had better be wavy, or in vandykes, or in loops not straight round like the hoops of a barrel, as last winter we had our bands arranged. It is very likely that as the winter goes on, double skirts will "come in." The appearance that results from a trimming that runs in vandykes round near the bottom or near the hips is much the same as that of a real over and under skirt. In very dressy frocks, though, there is appearing a contrary tendency to run the trimming again along the skirt from waist to bottom hem. A beautiful gown just made at Jay's for a beautiful woman is an instance. The destined wearer was the celebrated contralto, Madame Marian Mackenzie, who is a blonde of that rich type not often seen, with a brilliant complexion and auburn hair. The dress was worn at the recent Norwich Festival, and The dress was worn at the recent Norwich Festival, and was of pale blue satin duchesse, made with a long train, the skirt closely gored to the hips, and trimmed up each of the numerous front and side seams with tiny gold sequins. The hem was trimmed with a heavy band, arranged in loops, of the overlapping petals of pink roses, outlined above with gold passementeric. The tight bodice had longwise lines of the tiny gold sequin trimming to match the wise lines of the tiny gold sequin trinming to match the skirt, and was finished by a berthe of white muslin spangled with gold sequins and edged next the blue satin by a line of the pink rose-petals.

Sequins are a fashionable adornment of all sorts of dresses of the smart order. Those sequins which look like jet, but are really of a sort of gelatine composition that is wonderfully light, are used literally in millions, for they are made up into a trimming that presents a row of thick, close-set spikes, where each inch contains several hundreds, the whole effect being brilliant for edgings and in bands. An evening dress of a lavish description that has been made by one house has the entire pattern of the brocade of which it is constructed outlined all over with sequins. One dress of this class is in white brocade with sparkling Sequins are a fashionable adornment of all sorts of of which it is constructed outlined an over with sequins. One dress of this class is in white brocade with sparkling white sequins, and another in black moiré antique; in the latter case the trimming follows the watering, and is of gold sequins. This elaboration is said to have taken several workwomen's time and energies for have taken several workwomen's time and energies for several months. I do not think that I could reconcile it to my conscience to wear such a gown, for it has not even the my conscience to wear such a gown, for it has not even the excuse that fine lace offers—that it will be a possession and treasure for generations. To use so much time and power on such superfluity of decoration is not in accordance with my personal ideas of the fitness of things in that line; but it is true that the grapes are sour, for this dress is one of great costliness. The sequin trimming used sensibly and moderately, of course is quite another matter, and it is much employed for the decoration of coats and capes in velvet and the thick silk warmly lined that some ladies prefer to wear, because of its lightness to walk under, till the very celdest weather sets in.

The proper dress for winter of an elderly woman of

The proper dress for winter of an elderly woman of not very robust health is a matter of some difficulty. Those who have found out the secret of keeping warm. Those who have found out the secret of keeping warm without being bowed beneath the weight of a mass of heavy clothing are the most likely to keep well, for they alone are able to have exercise enough to be really in good health. The same weakening of the vital powers that makes the circulation sluggish, and, therefore, the extremities cold, causes an inability to walk much at the very time that the circulation needs to be assisted by a certain amount of exercise. This unwillingness to take the needful amount of physical exertion is greatly increased by the weight of the clothing that is found needful to keep the person warm in the ordinary method of increased by the weight of the clothing that is found needful to keep the person warm in the ordinary method of dressing, and thus the old lady gets into a circle of mistake out of which it is very difficult to move. Wool underclothing is the best remedy for the excessive weight that is so pernicious in the cold-weather dress of many elderly women. It is hard, certainly, to make a great change in the attire that one has been used to for a lifetime; but if old ladies who have not yet worn wool combinations would try these sensible articles of winter attire, I believe most of them would be so speedily aware of the great warmth got out of a single light and easy-fitting garment that they would feel that they could discard a considerable part of the burden of skirts and wraps that they now allow to weigh them down and prevent their healthful and pleasant activities.

The Royal Commission on the present condition of the agricultural labourers reports that the class is now much better off than formerly. It is surprising, say the Commissioners, what long distances tradesmen, even butchers, now find it worth while to send for the custom of the labourers. They will have the best of what they buy too, and "demand the whitest of flour," and so on. What a pity it is that, notwithstanding the preaching of the vegetarian societies and bread reform leagues, it is pity it is that, notwithstanding the preaching of the vegetarian societies and bread reform leagues, it is impossible to convince our people that "the whitest of flour" is not "the best"! It is certainly the most expensive, for it is that from which the largest proportion of the grain is removed; but it is precisely that fact that makes it less nourishing, and therefore not really best. For the sake of pleasing the luxurious eye, flour is now "bolted" white as possible, just as butter is always coloured with yellow, and so on. But the greater part of the nourishment of wheat is contained in the brown part that is cleared away in the case of the "finest whites." The phosphorus and a gool part of the lime are there, and the ricketty limbs of the children, and the bad teeth and half-grown bones of the youth of to-day are largely owing to our modern "improved" methods of bolting flour. It matters comparatively little to the well-to-do, who are able to supply the missing constituents of the wheat so treated in supply the missing constituents of the wheat so treated in many other articles of their diet; but to the labourers, who, however far they may be better off than of old, are still but poor, and badly kept, it is of almost vital conse-

quence to have the nourishment in their flour, and not seek "the whitest" as a benefit.

APPOINTED BY SPECIAL ROYAL WARRANT



SOAPMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

## Down Right Hard Work

has its legitimate place, and is to be encouraged when in the proper direction. We believe in the saying that "Work is a healthy thing," but we do not believe in unnecessary work. We do not believe in clothes being rubbed to tatters on washing-day, when this can be avoided by the use of

## SUNLIGHT SOAP.

We do not believe in a whole day being taken up by the family washing, when this can be avoided by the use of SUNLIGHT SOAP. It is by careful thought in such household details as these that the housewife can make the most of her time and make herself not a slave or a drudge or a "maid of all work," but a companion and true wife to her husband, a true mother to her children, and a real friend to her neighbours.

## MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

**DECORATIONS** DECORATIONS **ABOUT OUR HOMES** ABOUT OUR HOMES

Containing much interesting matter about Decorations, Decorative Materials, and Sanitary Work, Post Free

## FURNITURE

DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE

MAPLE and CO are now exhibiting a unique Selection of DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE of the periods Louis XV. and XVI., comprising some very fine reproductions of the best examples from the Palaces at Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Louvre, and Le Grand Trianon, including Cabinets, Tables, Mirrors, Showcases, Music Cabinets, Commodes, Writing Tables, as well as elegant Novelties in Inlaid Woods, with Vernis-Martin decorations.

FURNITURE DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE

MAPLE and CO are showing with the above numerous Novelties in Carved Mahogany and Inlaid Rosewood Suites, Elbow and other Chairs and Settees in new and quaint shapes, as well as Music, China, and other Cabinets, and Writing Tables, all of which are marked at most moderate prices. Some interesting specimens in Chinese and Japanese Cabinets are also now on show.

SILK CURTAINS DRAWING ROOM CURTAINS

MAPLE and CO have all the latest productions in Trich Silken and other materials for Curtains, Draperies, and Furniture Coverings on show. In the PURE SILKEN DAMASKS, which are usually in self-colourings, many novel effects have been obtained by a combination of two and three harmonising shades. These are in excellent taste, and sure to be appreciated.

> SILK TAPESTRIES DRAWING ROOM CURTAINS

MAPLE and CO have also on show all the new SILK and SILK and WOOL TAPESTRIES, amongst which are many novel and agreeable combinations of soft colourings especially suitable for upholstering furniture. The largest and most complete assortment of Tapestries in London. Patterns free.

ORIENTAL CARPETS DRAWING ROOM CARPETS

MAPLE and CO would remind intending purchasers that their warehouse is the largest and most important market in Europe for all kinds of Oriental Carpets, their collection being greater than all the other stocks combined.

> ORIENTAL CARPETS DIRECT IMPORTATIONS

MAPLE and CO. being Collectors and Direct Importers, only one instead of many profits are charged. Furchasers are supplied at importers' prices, and, in fact, every purchaser of an Oriental Carpet becomes practically his own importer without trouble or outlay. Special List of Sizes and Prices post free

ENGLISH CARPETS REDUCED PRICES

MAPLE and CO. are selling a Manufacturer's stock of WILTON and other RAISED PILE CARPETS, this year's patterns, left on maker's hands owing to trude depression, at greatly reduced prices, so that buyers will secure a Wilton or Raised Pile Carpet at the cost of an ordinary best Brussels. This stock six uld certainty be seen by all intending purchasers.

"UNDER OUR FEET," the best guide to the choice of Carpets and Floor Coverings, post free.



The AMERSHAM DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Settee, two Easy, four Occasional, and two Châlet Chairs, in carvel dark mahogany, well upholstered in rich Silk Tapestry, £18 10s.

Extra.—Carved dark mahogany Cabinet, enriched with shaped bevelled silvered plates, cupboard line l silk plush, silvered plate at back, and glass shelf, £115s, Overmantel, with eight shaped and bevelled silvered plates, £67s. 6d.

3ft. Centre Table, with shaped top, six legs, and undershelf, £217s. 6d.

### SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WORKS.

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah. By Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G. Edited by his wife, Isabel Burton. Memorial Edition. (Tylston and Edwards, 1893.)

A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome; with Notices of the so-called Amazons; the Yearly Customs; the Human Sacrifices; the Present State of the Stave Trade, &c. (Same author, editor, and publishers.)

This is the first instalment of an edition of the late Captain Burton's works, which is to comprise those still in manuscript as well as books already published. As these last fill a long shelf, and are of very unequal value, we question the wisdom of a scheme which indicates that want of perspective and proportion too often attending the assessment of a man's work by those nearest to him. This does not apply to the famous story of the pilgrimage to the great shrings of Islam. That have become great shrines of Islam. That has become a classic which no changes in the places it describes can impair, and, moreover, the high price which copies of the first edition command makes the re-issue a boon to Burton's admirers.

It is more than forty years ago since Burton, then a lieutenant in the East India Company's service, having been granted an extra year's furlough, left London disguised as a "Persian Prince," for Egypt, en route to the holy places which no non-Möslem dare enter save at risk of his life. Burton had lived as a Dervish in Sind for come time and altimately adopted that characters age than some time, and ultimately adopted that character as the safer disguise. Arrived at Alexandria, he mastered the intricacies of the Faith with the help of a Shaykh; carefully observed its rites, and ingratiated himself with the people by playing the rôle of doctor, dispensing the contents of his phials and pill-boxes. For Burton was "jack of all trades" and master of several. This "medicine nrun" incident reminds us of a story about him told us lately by one of his oldest friends, a London physician. Burton was never careful to disclaim the rumours which

Burton was never careful to disclaim the rumours which Bob Acres, in another fashion, encouraged, as to "killing a man a week," and when he was asked by his friend how he felt after such an act, he replied, "Jolly—and you?" Changing his Persian title of Mirza (i.e., Mister) for an Arabian name, Shaykh Abdullah (i.e., sent of Allah), he moved on to Cairo, where the pretty slave-girls whom he physicked asked him to compound his fee by buying and marrying them! At Ramazan he was careful to "appear unto men to fast," for at that season a man is "not only forbilden to eat, drink, smoke, or snuff, but to swallow his saliva designedly." When he had got his lesson well to heart, he embarked at Suez in a pilgrim-ship, an ill-found, filthy craft, without chart or compass, and altogether of a type unaltered from the times of the "ships of Tarshish." She was packed with dirty pilgrims, who fought for places with dargers—cowards who refused to gother of a type unaltered from the times of the "ships of Tarshish." She was packed with dirty pilgrims, who fought for places with daggers—cowards who refused to land for fear of the Bedawin, and fanatics who preferred thirst to taking water offered by Christians.

From Yambu, the "Gate of the Holy City," Burton travelled on the "ship of the desert" over high hills and across treeless plains till he reached the gardens and

orchards of Al-Madinah, where the first pious duty was to visit the tomb of Mohammed—apparently as spurious as that of Hamlet at Elsinore and of Virgil at Posillipo—a slab hidden under curtains. Close to it are the reputed tombs of the Prophet's two immediate successors, and of his daughter, the virgin-mother Fatimah, while next to Omar's is a vacant place for Isa bin Maryam (Jesus, son of Mary), after his second coming. But greater than Al-Madinah, greater than Jeddah, where the grave of Eve is shown, is Meecah, the birthplace of Mohammed, the cradle of his creed, and the seat of the Kaabah, in the outer wall of which is embedded the famous sacred Black Stone, which it is the duty of cream Medican to right and column. which it is the duty of every Moslem to visit and salute at least once in his life, becoming thereby, as the newspapers are now reminding us, the centre of diffusion of cholera reaching Meccah, Burton went straightway to the Bayt Allah. or Temple of God, within which the Kaabah stands; "the bourne of my long and weary pilgrimage; realising the plans and hopes of many and many a year." Here he had to walk warily the appointed number of times, and recite without blunders the appointed prayers, for one false move meant death at the hands of the fanatics who crowded round the shrine. While kissing the Black Stone, and rubbing it with his forehead, he managed to dally long though to examine its structure; and found it to be, in enough to examine its structure; and found it to be, in all probability, an aërolite. Among the traditions which have gathered round the Kaabah is that of Abraham and Isaac as its builders; a belief supported by the references to stone-worship in patriarchal times in the Bible, a worship, as of other natural objects, doubtless practised by the Arabs from their fetichistic stage to the days of the Prophet. Like the early Christian missionaries who transformed pagan shrines and sites to Christian uses, Mohammed wisely adapted that which he was unable to destroy; hence the consecration of a venerable stone to Allah. So with the sacred well, Zemzem, hard by, which, legend says, miraculously burst forth to allay the thirst of the banished Hagar and her child. The dying Moslems rub their ever with its waters to brighten vision and as the their eyes with its waters to brighten vision, and, as the taste is nauseous, the greater is the merit of the faithful

Altogether, this is a book which age cannot wither; the warmth and glow of the East are transferred to its pages, and these overflow into delightful notes full of odds and ends of information, and of racy comments thereon, in which the virile and well-equipped author revelled.

who swallow it

Ten years after his journey to Meccah, Burton was selected to proceed on a mission to the King of Dahomey, the chief object of which was to secure the co-operation of that potentate in the suppression of the slave trade and in the abolition of human sacrifices, which "prevailed along the greater part of the west coast of Africa.

Things have materially changed for the better since 1863; the slave traffic is on the verge of extinction, and the area of Dahomey, then the most powerful nation on the Gold Coast, has dwindled to 4000 square miles, occupied by barely a quarter of a million inhabitants, among whom the noted Amazons number about 4000. Much, too, has been added to our knowledge of these and

neighbouring peoples since Burton's mission, notably by Major Ellis, in his full and careful accounts of the Tshi and Ewe-speaking tribes. But all this rather increases than lessens the value of the volumes now reprinted, because the same than lessens the value of the volumes now reprinted, because they evidence the great traveller's insight into the future of Dahomey, which events have justified, and the soundof Dahomey, which events have justified, and the soundness of his explanations of the revolting practices which the civilised world vainly sought to abolish. Burton shows that the sacrifices of human beings are not due to the surviving "ape and tiger" in the man, thirsting for blood; nor to the mere love of keeping up the "good old customs,"; but that they rest upon a purely religious basis, and are the outcome of barbaric ideas of the other world as a sort of replica of this. That ideas of the other world as a sort of replica of this. is the sufficing explanation of the wholesale slaughter of wives and eunuchs, of slaves and soldiers, when the king dies, so that their spirits may wait upon his; and of their being despatched from time to time to carry him news from the world he has left. Had Burton lived to revise his book in the light of Frazer's "Golden Bough," he would probably have adopted its explanation of the custom of screening chiefs and kings from public gaze when they are eating or drinking, to which he refers. Mr. Frazer argues that the barbaric idea of the ruler as an incarnation or representative of deity, and as endowed with supernatural powers — an idea which obtained among civilised States till recent times—involved the protecting of him from all evil influences, of which he was thought to be in special danger, during the act of swallowing, hence the claborate tabu, which, divinity-like, "hedged the king." This is but one sample of the suggestive topics which fill Burton's book, topics to which the student of beliefs and customs will return again and again. He would find that task easier had an index been added, an omission the more slovenly because the "Pilgrimage" has an excellent one. The reproduction of the old illustrations gives a bibliographical would probably have adopted its explanation of the custom reproduction of the old illustrations gives a bibliographical completeness to the volumes, although the garish chromolithographs lessen their artistic merits. EDWARD CLODD.

Dr. Jowett's successor in the Regius Professorship of Greek at Oxford will receive a somewhat increased income, which will be drawn from Christ Church.

The members of the British diplomatic mission to the Ameer of Afghanistan at Cabul have been admitted to the Ameer's arsenal and the workshops, managed by Mr. Pyne, in which he manufactures breechloading rifled guns, Martini rifles, Hotchkiss and Gardner machineguns, and the annunition for them. The workmen camployed are mostly, notive Afghana employed are mostly native Afghans.

The third race of the five arranged to decide the contest for the America Challenge Cup, between Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie and the New York yacht Vigilant, was sailed on Oct. 13, off the Long Island shore. It was an extremely close race, and the Vigilant won by forty seconds only, after deducting her time allowance. Having then gained three races, the Vigilant was the winner of the cup.

"There is no beverage which can so confidently be recommended." - Medical Annual, 1893.



Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S

PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

## RENOWNED LOUIS 17

LUSTROUS

VELVETEEN.

RICH AND RARE NEW COLOURS FOR PRESENT WEAR.



After having been for years before the public, remains practically and most deservedly unrivalled. The dyes are admirable, while in surface it is silky and sheeny, and in weight it is marvellously light.

Le Follet says: "There is literally no fabric more serviceable or effective than the well-known 'Louis' Velveteen."

The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper, says : "The merits of 'Louis' Velveteen are now so well known that this beautiful and inexpensive imitation of Genoa velvet may now be had at every draper's, and probably in every clime."

Note Well. Each yard of genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S, and in no other way), and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

LADIES SHOULD REJECT ALL SUBSTITUTES.

## The "LOUIS" Patent Foundation Lining.

Yarn Dyed, Warranted Fast Colour. is brightly finished and extremely durable, though at the same time not in the least weighty or cumbersome.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY DRAPERS AND SILK MERCERS.

## BOVRIL

IS THE GUARANTEED PRODUCT OF

OX BEEF.



IT IS FIFTY TIMES MORE NOURISHING THAN ORDINARY MEAT EXTRACT OR HOME-MADE BEEF TEA.

all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, &c.

# Streeter London.



Chrysoprazo Butterfly Diamond and Gem Body Brooch, £8 upwards.



Chrysoprase and Diamond Double Heart Ring, and Diamond Brooch, £5 upwards.



Oval Chrysoprase £15 upwards.



Chrysoprase Heart and Diamond Initial Bracelet, £5; or with Curb Chain in place of Band, £6.

## No. 18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

BURMAH. SIAM. WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

JEWELLERS, GOLDSMITHS, & LAPIDARIES.

## LUCKY CHRYSOPRASE JEWELLERY

For Wedding Presents and Bridesmaids' Jewels.

BRACELETS from £2.

BROOCHES from £1.

## PRECIOUS AND SEMI-PRECIOUS

In the Rough, Direct from the Mines. Cut and Polished on the Premises.

MR. STREETER can be consulted personally with regard to the re-cutting and polishing of stones, and the re-mounting of family jewels, thus giving enhancement of value and increase of brilliancy.

THE SPORTING SAFETY PIN. IN 50 DIFFERENT VARIETIES, Gold, £1 1s. each. Mounted with Diamonds, £3 to £5.



In Diamonds, £4 10s.

In Diamonds. £5.



Chrysoprase Heart and Diamond Wing Brooch, £15 upwards.



Chrysoprase and Diamond Ring, £5 upwards.



Chrysoprase Frog and Diamond Horseshoe Brooch, £10 upwards.



Chrysoprase Heart Bracelet, £2; or with Curb Chain in place of Band, £3.

### OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT STORMONT.

William David Murray, Viscount Stormont, died at Scone Palace, the residence of his father, on Oct. 13. He was only son of the Earl of Mansfield, K.T., and was born on July 12, 1835. Viscount Stormont married Aug. 6, 1857, Emily Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir John Atholl MacGregor, third baronet, by whom he leaves an eldest son, Captain William David Murray, the heir-apparent to the earldom. The late Viscount Stormont was Militia A.D.C. to the Queen, Colonel commanding 3rd Battalion of the Black Watch, and Brigadier-General commanding the Tay Volunteer Brigade. He was appointed in 1879 a Vice-Lieutenant for Perthshire, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant for county Dumfries. As an officer in the Grenadier Guards Viscount Stormont served in the Crimea at Sebastopol.

SIR JOHN ROBERTSON BOYD.

Sir John Robertson Boyd died at his residence, Maxpoffle, Roxburghshire, on Oct. 9. Sir John was educated at Edinburgh University, was treasurer of the city of Edinburgh 1882-88, and in the latter year was elected Lord Provost. He was Hon. Colonel, Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade and a J.P. for his county. Sir John, who was son of Mr. John Boyd, of Maxpoffle, was born in 1827, and in 1853 married Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Lawson, of Cairnmuir, county Peebles. He received the honour of knighthood in 1891.

We have also to record the death of

Lieutenant-Colonel II. S. Bowman, who died at Southsea on Oct. 15. He obtained his first commission in the 35th (Royal Sussex) Regiment in 1843, and retired, with the rank of Major, in 1869, and was immediately afterwards appointed Assistant Commissioner of the City of London Police, filling that post until 1885.

No one needs to be told that the lives of great musicians, whether singers or instrumentalists, are laborious and full of drudgery. Patti, they say, sings her scales over and over again every day. Albani has to deny herself the pleasure of singing to her friends in private. Paderewski is often at his piano fifteen hours a day. A singular and happy exception is the case of Sarasate, the most popular of contemporary violinists. His facility is so extraordinary that he is able to dispense entirely with the toil of practising. He plays when the mood seizes him, to amuse himself or his friends, but of the

toil of playing for mere exercise be knows nothing. He is seldom heard to better advantage than when he takes up his "Strad" of a morning after midday breakfast, for the entertainment of the little party of intimates who may be with him.

"Confessions of a Woman" is the title of a book which Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co. will publish towards the end of the month. There is some curiosity on the subject. The author is said to be English, and not unknown as a novelist. The "Confessions" were first offered to the public in America, where the book had some vogue last year.

A Danish schooner named the Elinor, bound to Dunkirk, was run down in the Channel on the night of Saturday, Oct. 14, by the new Belgian mail-steamer, Marie Henriette, on her passage from Ostend to Dover. The schooner sank instantly, and five persons, including the master, Captain Boye, were drowned; his son, the mate, was the only one saved.

Cardinal Vaughan is moving the Pope in behalf of St. Peter. He has sent a petition to the Vatican, praying that facsimile statues of that potent saint, half the size of the famous statue in St. Peter's at Rome, may be erected in all the English Roman Catholic churches. The energetic Cardinal has also suggested that Peterborough "should once more become a centre of the national veneration of St. Peter." For the benefit of readers who may have mislaid their histories, it may be added that, in the days before the Reformation had been whispered, Peterborough was the Mecca of all good Catholics in the British Isles. It seems not improbable that the ancient privileges accorded to pilgrims to Peterborough will be renewed by the Holy See.

It is as well to know that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is sceptical on the subject of mysterious fires. The Brigade is generally able to account for the fires it is called upon to deal with, and Captain Simonds does not believe in "recondite causes." The number of incendiary fires is exceedingly small in the experience of the Brigade, averaging about two per annum; in London. That unconscious incendiary, the careless tobaccosmoker, is responsible for about twenty fires in the course of a year, which is not too scrious an item in a total of some three thousand odd. Captain Simonds has a good word for the cat as an amateur fireman, for he has known many cases of fires caused by nice nibbling the ends of phosphorus matches; and one, at least, in which great intelligence was evinced by a cat.

### "MIAMI" AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mr. John Hollingshead, who has tried nearly every sort of theatrical venture in his time, has finally hit upon the idea of giving English opera (or opera in English) at half the of giving English opera (or opera in English) at half the ordinary West-End prices. He opened the Princess's on Monday, Oct. 16, and, wisely discarding the familiar repertory, introduced an operatic version of Buckstone's famous Adelphi drama, "The Green Bushes," arranged by himself, furnished with lyrics by Mr. Warham St. Leger, and set to music by Mr. Haydn Parry. As ill-luck would have it, an air of unreadiness pervaded the house and the proceedings, so that nothing on either side of the footlights was really seen at its best. But the good intentions of the manager were palpable enough, and he took the opportunity, at the end, of declaring that they should be duly carried out at the end, of declaring that they should be duly carried out in an "honest and straightforward manner." This we do in an "honest and straightforward manner." an "honest and straightforward manner. This we do not doubt; our inclination is rather to question the amount of enduring success in store for "Miami" even after the polishing process has been accomplished. In spite of Mr. Hollingshead's modest reliance upon the original dialogue, in spite of Mr. St. Leger's appropriate poetry, and in spite of Mr. Haydn Parry's melodious music, there is something wrong with this operatic arrangement of the is something wrong with this operatic arrangement of the old inclodrama. Either it is that the play and its new setting are out of harmony, or clso it must be that the composer has not gone far enough to give adequate musical support to the various dramatic situations. Anyhow, the result is disappointing, and the probabilities are that it will remain so, unless Mr. Haydn Parry can see his way to remodelling certain scenes and strengthening them by the introduction of proper effective arrangement of the play are respectively. by the introduction of more effective ensembles and more elaborate treatment generally. His pretty ballads and "ding-dong" choruses are very well in their way, but where serious action is concerned, there is need for serious music—such, for instance, as this clever young composer gives a sample of in the impassioned love duet between Miami and her supposed husband in the second act. The staging of the new opera is picturesque enough, and the performance, after it has been well pulled Cameron makes an alert and handsome Miami; Miss Jessie Bond is delightfully sympathetic as Nelly, and Miss Isabel Girardot sings and acts intelligently as Geraldine. Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Richard Temple do family well as the two byothers Kennedy, and the familiar conjugation. well as the two brothers Kennedy, and the familiar comic characters are brightly portrayed by Miss Clara Jecks, Mr. George Barrett, and Mr. A. J. Evelyn. The first performance, which was conducted by Mr. Haydn Parry, met with some favour at the hands of a large audience.

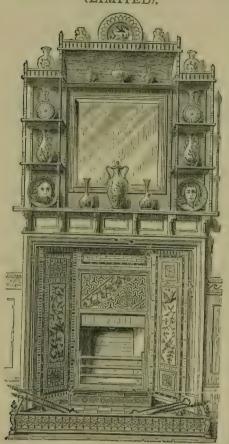


Throughout the wonderfully protracted speech of fifteen hours' duration of Senator Allen in the American Senate on the 12th inst. Mr. Allen took nothing in the way of nourishment except a Cup of Tea. He spoke with the greatest fluency; there was no break in his flow of oratory, and the entire speech, except the peroration, was extempore. A marvellous testimonial to the invigorating qualities of the King of Beverages—TEA.

EVERYONE WHO KNOWS THE LUXURY OF A DELICIOUS CUP OF TEA DEALS WITH THE

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMP. OFFICES: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

## BARNARD, BISHOP, & BARNARDS (LIMITED),



Original Manufacturers of the Celebrated

## **SLOW COMBUSTION**

## NORWICH STOVES,

Otherwise known as

"THE COUNTRY PARSON'S FIRE-GRATES." Effect a saving of 40 to 50 per cent, in fuel over all other grates.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

An inspection of our Show-rooms at 95, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET respectfully invited.

## NORFOLK IRON WORKS, NORWICH.

## Z'S CELEBRATED

E and DIPLOMAS.

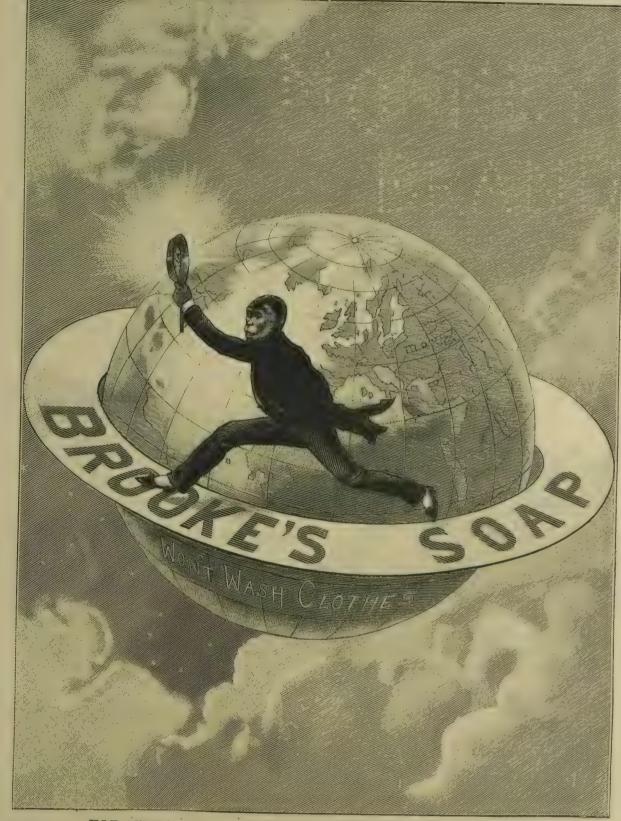
For Prevention, Relief, and Cure of OUT, RHEUMATISM, COLDS, &c Flannels, Underclothing. Sold by all leading Hosiers and Drapers.

WELCH, MARGETSON, & CO., 16, 17, Cheapside, London, E.C. Wadding, Knee Caps, Inside Soles, Knitting Yarn Oll, Soap Pine Needle Extract for Baths.

Of Leading CHEMISTS everywhere,

BESITY." - Hot weather, sleeplessness, to use ENO'S" FRUIT SALT. Tensors (vessive lat by simple and natural means, thus you get the body in a healthy trim. It is cooling, soothing, and alth-giving. It is impossible to overstate its great value in aution.—Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is warked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been mosed on by a worthless initiation. Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E.

GREAT FRUIT - GROWING EMENTS IN AUSTRALIA. Thousands of all England, &c., are now engaged in this attractive de industry. Land purchasable on each



FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING

FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES, METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, OIL-CLOTHS, BATHS, STAIR-RODS. For Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper Vessels, Fire Irons, Mantels, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &C.

5. Sainsbury's Lavender water. Water.

Prices, 1s. to 16s. 6d.. &c. Sold throughout the Country.

Manufactory: 176 & 177 STRAND, LONDON. DESTABLISHED 1889.

W. H. ALLEN & CO., YORK STREET WORKS,

LAMBETH, S.E.

Manufacturing Engineers and Electricians,

Are prepared to survey, report, and submit design, for Electrically Lighting COUNTRY SEATS and Mansions by water, wind, steam, or gas power.



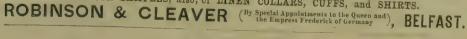
& CLEAVER, BELFAST.

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889. IRISH CAMBRIC

Samples and Illustrated Price-Lists Post Free. POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 23 yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table
Cloths, 113d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/23 each.

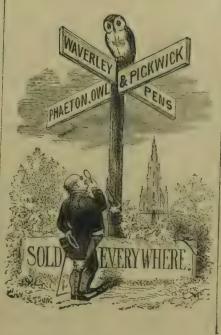
WRITE FOR SAMPLES, also, of LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.





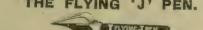
BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR, arrests baldness, removes scurf, and is the best Brilliantine for the whiskers and moustaches; also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired ladies and children. Bottles, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,



Recommended by 2839 Newspapers

THE FLYING 'J' PEN.



A superior 'J' Pen capable of writing 100 to 200 words with one dip of ink.

THE COMMERCIAL PEN.



A luxury for the million.'-Someiset Gazette.

THE FLYING SCOTCHMAN PEN



'The fastest pen we have ever used.'-Sportsman.

6d and 1s per Box at all Stationers. Sample Box of all the kinds 1/1 by Post.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON. WAYERLEY WORKS, EDINBURGH.

### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1889), with two codicils (dated Aug. 6, 1889, and April 9, 1891), of Mr. John Bagot Scriven, of the firm of Messrs. Barelay, Perkins, and Co., brewers, Park Street, Southwark, late of the White House, Ashford, near Staines, and of 19, Connaught Square, who died on Aug. 28 at Dover, was proved on Oct. 7 by Horace William Scriven, the brother, and Arthur Thomas Marson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £90,000. The testator gives all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, china, books, articles of vertu, statuary, articles of personal, domestic, or household use, or ornament, wines, liquors, horses, carriages, and outdoor effects, his leasehold residence, the White House, Ashford, and £1200 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Adeline Seriven; £30,000 each upon trust for his daughters, if any; his share and interest in the expital (expect his parts except the truck in the capital (except his note account), stock-in-trade, and estates in the copartnership of Barclay, Perkins, and Co. to his brother, Horaco William Scriven; £10,000 of his note account to his said brother; £10,000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his sister, Mrs. Susannah Mary Robinson; and many other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his brothers and sisters (except his brother Horace) for their lives, and on the death of the survivor for all his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1873) of Mr. John Atkinson Bolger, late of 48, Onslow Square, Brompton, who died on Sept. 16, was proved on Oct. 10 by Mrs. Maria Eunico Bolger, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £62,000. The

testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1887) of Mr. John Henry Fox, late of Norton, Durham, brewer, who died on April 7 at York, was proved on Oct. 7 by John Page Sowerby, Timothy Crosby, and Henry John Curry, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator, if he has not founded according to his intention the almshouses in his lifetime, bequeaths £20,000, free of legacy duty, to erect, found, and support almshouses for poor persons, preference being given to those who are or have been inhabitants of Norton, upon land to be procured on provided in that parish it being approach. or provided in that parish, it being expressly provided, however, that the purchase moneys are not to come out of his estate. If no such land can be procured or provided, the said sum of money is to go to the hospital at Greatham, Durham. There is a gift of land at Norton to Mr. T. Crosby, and liberal legacies to aunts, cousins, and executors. The residue of his property he leaves to certain of his aunts and cousins.

The will (dated July 13, 1893), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2 following), of Mr. William Vaughan, late of The Postern, Tunbridge, Kent, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Oct. 10 by Henry Evans Murchison James, and Henry Ashworth James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator leaves all his estate and effects, both real and personal, upon trust for his wife, Edith Priscilla Elizabeth Vaughan, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1885), with two codicils (dated Nov. 22, 1890, and Oct. 1, 1891), of Mr. Robert Humphrey

Cooke, late of 73, Church Street, Stoke Newington, Cooke, late of 73, Church Street, Stoke Newington, surgeon, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 6 by Mrs. Charlotte Cooke, the widow, Charles Henry Martin and Augustus Smith Foster, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, and the cash in the house and on deposit, to his wife; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to her, for life. At her death, he bequeaths £1000 each to Blanche Edith Toomer and Alice Mary Foster: £800 to William Joseph Seward and Alice Mary Foster; £800 to William Joseph Seward, M.B., and some other legacies, including annuities to his housekeeper and housemaid. The ultimate residue he leaves to his executors, Mr. Martin and Mr. Foster, in equal

The will of Mr. James Heap, late of Hole House, Cliviger, near Burnley, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 23, was proved in London on Sept. 26 by James Halstead and Thomas Heap, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6151.

The will of Mr. Edmund Arthur White, late of Eyrebeck, Weymouth, Lieutenant R.N., who died on July 24, was proved on Sept. 30 by Charles Plumptre Johnson, and Edward Middleton Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1361:

The will of Mr. Charles Ricardson Saunders, formerly of Nunwick Hall, Cumberland, and of Julians Park, Baldock, Herts, and late of Midleton Towers, near King's Lynn, Norfolk, who died on July 12, was proved on Oct. 3 by Mrs. Fanny Eliza Saunders, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1202.

LIRARI PIANOS and HARPS.

Messys, ERARD have been awarded the Gold Medal "for the best planefortes in the Exhibition," Kimberley, 1882, and the "Award" for Harps in the Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

DADEREWSKI'S ADVICE: "Play only on an Erard wherever obtainable."

FRARD PIANOS and HARPS.

A few of the large stock of Upright Grand Pianofortes, returned from the past season's hire, still remain, and may be obtained at an important reduction during the next few weeks.

8. and P. ELARD.

BOYAL PIANOFORTE MAKERS.

IS, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT ST., W.

URST and BLACKETT'S NEW NOVELS.

TO RIGHT THE WRONG. By EDNA LYALL, Author of "Donovan," "We Two," &c. 3 vols.

A HEART'S REVENGE. By B. LOFTUS TOTTENHAM, Author of "More Kin than Kind." 3 vols.

THE IDEAL ARTIST, By F. BAYFORD HARRISON, 3 vols.

BAY RONALD. By MAY CROMMELIN, Author of "Ouecnic," "Orange Hig," &c. 3 vols. INNES OF BLAIRAVON. By COLIN MIDDLETON.

ROBERT CARROLL. By M. E. LE CLERC, Author of "Mistress Beatrice Cope," "A Rainbow at Night," &c. of "Mistress Jeans" 2 vols.

London: Hunst and Blackett, Limited, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

BRISTOL EIGHTH TRIENNIAL

OCT. 25, 26, 27, 28, 1893.

Madame ALBANI in Samson, Hymn of Praise, Stabat Mater, and Messiah.

Mr. EDWARD LLOYD in Faust, Hymn of Praise, Stabat Mater, Wagner Night, and Messiah.

Mr. SANTLEY in Faust, Stabat Mater, Wagner Night, and Messiah. Miss ESTHER PALLISER in Faust and Wagner Night. Mrs. HENSCHEL in Paradise and the Pri, and Wilderness. Miss MEDORA HENSON in Paradise and the Peri.

Mr. BEN DAVIES in Samson, Paradise, and Wagner Night. Mr. ANDREW BLACK in Samson, Paradise, and Wagner Night.

Mdlle, LANDI in Hymn of Praise, Stabat Mater, and Paradise. Miss CLARA BUTT in

Miss HILDA WILSON in The Messiah.

Detailed Programmes now ready, at Ticket Office, Colston Hall.

HENRY COOKE, Hon. Sec.

CARLO. For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are confortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which others to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fetes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the heauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to ofter to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo end a percetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

OLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 5d. and 10s. 5d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berner Street, W.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE (Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. (rest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 5d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.

\*\*ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.

Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

TULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of CRESTED

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES. The Steam-ship GARONNE, 3876 tons register, 2000-house power, will leave LONDON on Nov. 22 for a 66-days AZORES, &c. Fitted with Electric Light, Electric-Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, &c.

Managers F. Green and Co. Head Offices:

Anderson, Anderson, Fenchurch Avenue, For particular apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.: or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sont for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.

J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.



## CRICKET & ELECTRICITY.

WILLIAM GUNN, the most artistic "Forward" player in the world, has made over 2,000 runs during the past season—a season unparalleled in athletic prowess.

> "GUNN plays 'forward' very artistically, and is also good at the old-fashioned 'sweep-to-leg.' When executing the last-mentioned stroke the ball travels as though shot from a gun."

"BLACK AND WHITE," September 16th, 1893.

GUNN, however, is mostly famous for his "cut" which is made with the right leg thrown across the wicket. This, it is well known, cannot be done effectively without great strength of wrist and muscular power.

CRANTED THE SKILL, HOW DOES CUNN ACQUIRE THE POWER?

Gunn wears one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

What is

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT the Moral? Not only substitutes Strength for Activity, but increases strength where it already exists. Therefore,

## IARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

Is a Boon to the Strong as well as a Blessing to the Invalid.

GUNN himself writes to Mr. HARNESS: "The Electropathic Belt has been of reat benefit in sustaining strength of nerve and endurance, which qualities are both of great importance to cricketers.

WHEN playing against Surrey we wired Gunn, asking him if he attributed his success as a cricketer to Harness' Electropathic Belt? His reply was

MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD.,

# Baby-Skin.

O fine lady or grown-up girl has a skin like a baby's—not quite. Most soaps but PEARS' have alkali in them.

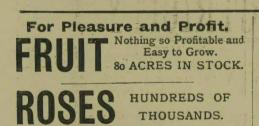
Babies get washed with these soaps; their tender skins are made rough and red and sore; and yet the force of nature resists; there is no skin like the velvety baby-skin.

Haven't you seen a girl or woman catch sight of a dainty baby and break into smiles all over her face? and, if publicity does not forbid, you have seen her rush to the little stranger, seize his hands and toes and go into raptures over the pink and softness!

That's the charm of baby-skin; not of the baby-nobody goes for a pimply baby.

Every woman whose place in the world permits, and every man (though men are not supposed to tell it) wants, in proper measure, a baby-skin. Even the college athlete is not exempt. Let them use PEARS' SOAP, which is nothing but soap; pure soap; which is nothing but PEARS'.

We all have a baby-skin, unless it is eaten away by alkali. Nothing but soap will find it. It may be well disguised-PEARS' SOAP will find it.



Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free for Cash with order, 8/- per dozen, 60'- per 100. All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

Roses in Pots from 15s. doz.
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
4 Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15s. doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

The Best Procurable.

GENERAL CATALOGUE

(over 140 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, sent FREE. RICHD. SMITH & Co., Worcester.

**BOULTON & PAUL.** HORTICULTURAL NORWICH.



NEW SPAN-ROOF GARDEN FRAME. CASH PRICES CARRIAGE PAID.

£2 14 0 | 12 ft. by 6 ft. ... £5 14 0 4 4 0 | 16 ft. by 6 ft. ... 7 4 0

MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.



4 ft. by 6 ft. ... ... £2 0 0 | 12 ft. by 6 ft. 8 ft. by 6 ft. ... 3 0 0 | 16 ft. by 6 ft. EVERY DESCRIPTION of HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS and APPLIANCES.

Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by Special Appointment.

## FURNISHING DRAPERY.

PORTIÈRES. PLUSHETTES. CURTAINS. ART-SERGES. TAPESTRIES. CRETONNES. DOWN-PILLOWS. TABLE-COVERS.

At exceptional prices.

BLANKETS. QUILTS. SHEETINGS.

Much under present value.

## PETER ROBINSON,

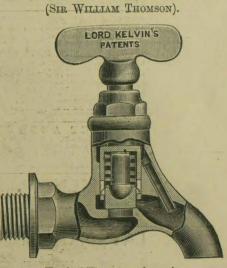
OXFORD ST., LONDON.





THE INDESTRUCTIBLE Hot and Cold Water Tap INVENTED BY

LORD KELVIN



May be had in many Varieties from all Plumbers and Ironmongers, OR FROM THE

Palatine Engineering Co., Ltd., 10, BLACKSTOCK ST., LIVERPOOL.

DESCRIPTIONS ON APPLICATION.

### MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts started well upon their thirty-eighth season on Oct. 14, Mr. Manns receiving a more than ordinarily hearty welcome. Saturday is no longer a half-crown day, and the attendance both inside and outside the concert-room was perceptibly swollen by a fresh contingent of "shilling amateurs." With the band there was positively no fault to be found. Playing more admirable than that heard in Sullivan's "Macbeth" overadmirable than that heard in Sullivan's "Macbeth" overture and Beethoven's fourth symphony none but the hypercritical could have desired. We fear Mr. Manns was responsible for the loud accompaniments to Miss Esther Palliser's air from "Pagliacci," as also for the quick tempt in an unwarrantable orchestral "perversion" of certain passages from the second act of "Tristan und Isolde," introduced here for the first time. A new orchestral ballad by Mr. Godfrey Pringle, founded upon Uhland's poem "Durand," won for its composer (a former student at the Royal College of Music) the compliment of a call to the platform. The work has many clever points, and these are not outweighed by its defects, which are of a kind that experience will help Mr. Pringle to avoid in the future. M. Slivinski's rendering of the Saint-Saëns concerto in G minor was a curious mixture of nervously impulsive playing, marred by the most unnecessary slips, and magnificent technical dexterity exhibited with a touch of feathery lightness. The last two movements were superbly executed.

At the opening Monday Popular Concert of the thirty-sixth season on Oct. 16, Mr. Arthur Chappell presented his patrons with a perfectly familiar programme, the sole element of novelty being in the constitution of the string quartet. Mdlle. Wietrowetz—perhaps the most gifted of all Dr. Joachim's pupils—was the "leader" of the occasion, and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse filled the remaining positions, the two English artists acquitting remaining positions, the two English artists acquitting themselves excellently. Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet in C major received a delightful interpretation at the hands of these performers, who were recalled with a warmth that was evidently sincere. Miss Fanny Davies gave a thoroughly sound, classical rendering of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in D minor; and Mdlle. Wietrowetz played for her solo the charming Romance in G major by Svendsen, adding for an encore one of the Brahms-Joachim dances. The two ladies were also heard together in an impassioned and highly finished performance of Schumann's Sonata in A minor for

pianoforte and violin. Mr. Eugène Oudin was the vocalist. He sang César Franck's song "La Procession" and three Lieder by Franz in his most artistic style, accompanied by Mr. Henry Bird.

The largest collection of foreign birds ever exhibited in England was on view on Oct. 14 and 16, in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. It was the annual show of the United Kingdom Foreign Cage Bird Society, of which Lord Lilford is president. There were between three and four hundred entries, and the exhibition attracted many hundreds of visitors. The honorary secretaries, who were among the chief prize-winners, were Mr. H. R. Fillmer and Dr. C. S. Simpson, of Brighton. The judges were the Rev. H. D. Astley and Dr. W. T. Greene.

On the battlefield of Solferino, where the Austrian army was defeated in 1859 by the French and Sardinians, a memorial tower has been erected over the collected bones of the Italian soldiers killed there, with a colossal statue of King Victor Emmanuel on the ground-floor of the building. This monument was inaugurated on Sunday, Oct. 15, by the King and Queen of Italy, accompanied by the Prince of Naples, the Duke of Aosta, and the Ministers of State.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY THE BRIGHTON. AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c.

Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available I month.

Pullman Drawing Room Cars between London and Brighton.

Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations

On the Railways in the Northern and Midaina Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 3.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.

Return Tickets available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PRIGHTON,—SATURDAY and SUNDAY to SUNDAY, MONDAY, or TUESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued every Saturday and Sunday by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and Balham; from Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge, New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, and Forest Hill. Returning by any Train, according to class, on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Creydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

Pullman Drawing Room Cars are run in these Trains from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station), by the D.m. Trains. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EAST-BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day.
From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.22 p.m.,
also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.
From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m. and 4.5 p.m.,
also 5.5 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.

'Yel AVEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN,
Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3). | Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3 

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books and Hand-bills, to be obtained at the Stations, and be following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be ob-d; West-End Geneval Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Tradigar Square, Huy's Agency, bill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142,

Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

HÔTEL METROPOLE, BOURNEMOUTH.

ON THE EAST CLIFF, FACING THE SEA.
Three minutes from East Station.
THE LARGEST, MOST MAGNIFICENT, AND
LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED HOTEL IN BOURNEMOUTH.
Passenger Lifts to every Floor.

LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED HOTEL IN BOURNEMOUTH.

PASSENJER LIFE to every Floor,
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND BELLS THROUGHOUT.
ANCLUSIVE TERMS FROM 10s. 6d. PER DAY.

Buses meet all Trains.

TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING FOR NON-RESIDENTS
AT 7 O'CLOCK.

For Terms, &c., apply to the Manager.

BERNERS HOTEL, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.—Most central Family Hotel. Table d'hôte from 7 o'clock, served at separate tables, 3s. 6d. Spacious-Public, Drawing, Coffee, and Smoke Rooms. Bed. breakfast, and attendance, 6s. Perfect Cuisine. Hot and Cold, Baths. Apply for tariff to C. Tiru.

CAIRO.—GHÉSIREH PALACE HOTEL

A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" The REATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask inrolganus the world, in any country that can be named, you will find then largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate car take them. One lozenge gives ease. Sold in 13½d, tins.

## CHOCOLAT - MENIER.

HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS

CHOCOLAT - MENIER

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER

CHOCOLAT - MENIER.

CHOCOLAT - MENIER.

Sold Everywhere.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW NOVELS
AT EVERY LIBRARY.
CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Novel, A
WASTED CRIME, is now ready, in 2 vols., at every THE REBEL QUEEN. By WALTER

BESANT, Author of "Dorothy Forster." 3 vols.
"The Robel Queen" is a remarkable work. It is fascinating as a fiction—indeed, but the the work is a review of the displayed so brilliantly are regift of imagination—and it is instructive and suggestive as a study in sociology."—World.

THE WOMAN OF THE IRON
BRACELETS. By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Folly
Morrison," &c. 3 vols.
"Among contemporary writers of fiction, Frank Barrett has
secured a considerable position and a distinct individuality. In
some respects the mande of Wilkie Collins may be said to have
fallen on him. Mr. Frank Barrett has written things that will
compare not unfavourably with "The Woman in White,"—
Scotisman.

THE SCALLYWAG. By GRANT ALLEN, Author of "The Tents of Shem." 3 vols.
"Mr. Grant Allen is always interesting and always readable, ac colours on his palette are mixed with brains. . . . . Clear aracter-sketching, bright dialogue, and a hundred clever hits topics of the day will make the time spent in its perusal pass casantly enough."—Speaker.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY BOOKS THEE-AND SNOW. By GEORGE MACDONALD, Author of "David Elginbrod," &c.

"Like all George MacDonald's novels, contains passages which reveal that intensely spiritual outlook on life which is characteristic of the author.

"The whole book is breezy, manly, and tender, lift with poetic fancy, and informed by wide experience."—Leeds Mercury.

DR. PASCAL. By E. ZOLA. With Portrait.

"A beautiful and most touching love story. . . . If anything were wanting to establish M. Zola's right to the title of the first of living novelists, 'Dr. Pascal' would put the question beyond dispute. "Vanity Fair.

THE DOWNFALL. By E. ZOLA. With
Two Plans.
Telegraph.

The Dream. By E. Zola. With s Full-page flustrations.

"It is a beautiful story, admirably told."—Speaker.

A TRYING PATIENT, &c. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy," &c.

"A volume altogether good to read. It comprises some of the most artistic short stories that Mr. Payn has written—stories that cannot fail to charm by their vivacity, humour, and defenses of character-sketching."—Saturday Review.

TIME'S REVENGES. By D. CHRISTIE
"In 'Time's Revenges' Mr. Christie Murray is at his best,
and that can be very good indeed. In plot, construction, and
character-drawing this povel is admirable."—World.

ROPES OF SAND. By R. E. FRAN-"Powerful, original, and fascinating . . . every character delineated by a master hand."—Daily Telegraph.

THE GUN-RUNNER. By BERTRAM
MITFORD. With a Frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood.
"Altogether it is a book which we can heartily commend to
all who like rattling stories."—St. James's Gazette.
London; Chatto and Windus, 214, Piccadilly, W.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 125.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for NOVEMBER, containing WITH EDGED TOOLS, Chaps. The SUBALTERN IN INDIA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE WHEEL OF THE LOUGH RUN—IN SUMMER HEAT—NOVEMBER—CHARACTER NOTE: THE CARETAKER—AN EGYPTIAN FRAGMENT—JANUARY DAYS IN CEYLON—THE SURGEON'S GUEST, Chaps. 3 and 4. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK OF REFFRENCE.
Part I. now ready, price 7d.,

CASSELL'S GAZETTEER OF GREAT

BRITAIN AND IRELAND. Being a Complete Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom. With numerous Illustrations and SIXTY MAPS in COLOURS.
With Part I. is issued, free of charge, a Large Map of the BRITISH ISLES, handsomely printed in COLOURS.

Prospectuses at all Booksellers', or post free from Cassell and Company, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London.

THE QUICKENING OF CALIBAN.

THE ZAMBESI BASIN AND NYASSALAND. By DANIEL J. RANKIN, F.R.S.G.S., M.R.A.S. With Maps and Illustrations. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

58. RIDGWAY, Piccadilly.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS AND "-Public Opinion

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

JUST READY.

JUST READY.

CHOLMONDELEY, Author of "Sir Charles De MARY

NOW READY.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM. By FRANCES MARY PEARD, Author of "Near Neighbours," &c. In 2 vols., crown 8vo.

NOW READY.

Psychological Study. By ROSS GEORGE DERING, uthor of "The Undergraduate," &c. In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

THE COURAGE OF SILVIA FULGENT.

By H. B. FINIAY-KNIGHT, Author of "A Girl with
a Temper," &c. In 3 vols., rown 8vo.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington Street.

A NÆMIA (or Bloodlessness) Positively Cured. ECZEMA eradicated and driven from the system. Send stamped addressed envelope to B.A., "Mercury" Office. Bridgwater, Somerset. No Cure no Pay.

THE BEST JUDGES OF CIGARS

NOW ORTAIN THEIR SUPPLIES AT

BENSON'S, 61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 Stamps.)

THE CHARING CROSS BANK (Established 1870, 23 Years), 28, BEDFORD STREET, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W.C. Capital, £300,000. Reserve Fund, £100,000. LOANS GRANTED, £30 to £5000,

Town or Country, on approved Promissory Notes, Mortgage of Furniture, Trade and Farm Stock, Life Policies, Reversions Property &c.

Poperty &c. Special facilities to all requiring Banking accounts.

Three per cent, interest allowed on current accounts on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £20.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:

or cent. per annum, subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal.

Special terms for larger amounts. Interest paid quarterly Write or call for Prospectus. A. WILLIAMS, Manager

ORGAN CLEARANCE SALE. END OF SEASON.
Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free.
Cottages, 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
Class 6, 14 guineas. Class 3, 25 guineas.
Class 6, 14 guineas.
Class 6, 20 guineas.
Class 6, 30 guineas.
Class 7, 90 guineas.
Class 7,



## FOR TORPID LIVER.



## FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Forty in a Vial. Sugar Coated. Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver without failOf all Chemists, 1s. 1id.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

OETZMANN OF 27, BAKER STREET.

THE GREAT ANNUAL SALE of PIANOS, A many nearly new, at Half the Original Cost. All Pianos packed free and sent to any part.
Only address: 27, Baker Street, W.

E15 BROADWOOD COTTAGE PIANO, £15; mahogany case, panel front; a thoroughly sound instrument, and very cheap. In THOMAS OBTZMANN and CO.'S ANNUAL SALE, 27, Baker Street, London, W.

COLLARD and COLLARD COTTAGE PIANO. Seven octaves, trichord, check action, and equal to new.—May be seen at THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, London, W.

4 ROSEWOOD COLLARD GRAND PIANO for £30. Fullest compass of 7 octaves. Iron plate and trichord throughout. A great bargain. In THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S ANNUAL SALE at 27, Baker Street, London, W.. Descriptive Lists

BROADWOOD GRAND PIANOFORTE, fullest compass of 7 cetaves, Trichord throughout, in handsome case, at THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S ANNUAL SALE, 27. Baker Street, London, All Pianos packed free and forwarded to any part.

BRINSMEAD PIANOFORTES. The good opinion of those whose judgment is incompate has ever been unanimously in favour of the Brinsmead

Majesty the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and oyal Family use the Brinsmead Pianos.
For Sale, for Hire, and on the Three-Years System.
Hustrated Lists Pree.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, London, W.

MUSICAL BOXES.—Messrs. Nicole Frères, 12. Ely Place, London, E.C. (Geneva, est., 1815), invite in-spection of the Perfect Interchangeable Musical Box, by which are endless variety of most deligibital size can be produced at pleasure. Price-List No. 6, post free. Repairs of every description.

SHIRTS. - FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, celebrated for their superior fitting. Six for 30s, 40s, 46s, sent by parcel post free to your door. Write for Illustrated Self-Measure and all particulars free by post.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Foultry, London.

()LD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—ÆGIDIUS.—The only Flannel Shirts that never shrink in washing. Three for 25s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., or Single Shirts, 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 13s. 6d. each, carriage free. Write for Patterns to the only Makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

A REAL SEA BATH IN YOUR OWN

A RIGHT SEA DATH IN TOUR OWN ROOM: TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.

Should be used at any desired temperature in every case of weakness, Rheumatism, Tender Feet, &c., and for all Children in the Daily Bath. Nothing so fortifies and invigorates the difficulty to obtain a superior of the propertors, &c. In case of difficulty to obtain and Sow, Bushell Street, London, E. To avoid worthless and injurious substitutes, ask for Tidman's.

ANARIES, "R. Maschke (from Andreasberg, Hartz)
has carned the highest honours for the song of his canaries
in the Press, at Exhibitions, from high standing men, men
of art and science, by heaps of glowing testimonials from
his customers. Interesting brochure, recommended by
the "Bazaar," "Fur and Feather," &c., 15., post free.

## **BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza, Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh, Clear and give Strength to the Voice of SINGERS, And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 13d. per Box.

NOTICE.

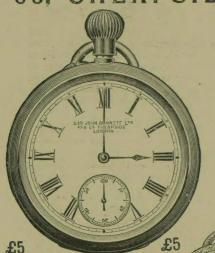
See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.



This inimitable COCA WINE is an aid to intellectual exertion, and is indispensable to brain-workers and others who suffer from Debility, Exhaustion, Mental Depression, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Voice Fatigue; also to promote Convalescence. Written Testimonials from over 2000 Physicians. "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces."

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, 4s. per bottle, or 45s. dozen.

Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers, 65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,



THE CHEAPSIDE 3-PLATE

KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,

HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

CLOCKS.

The Finest Stock in London, at Prices Lower than ever.

## **JEWELLERY**

A Large and Elegant Stock of every Description.

SILVER WATCHES GOLD WATCHES from £5.



LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH,

Perfect for time, beauty, and work-manship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto in Silver, £5.

### COLD CHAINS

Manufacturers' Prices.



£10, £20, £30, £40, £50, to £250.

Arms and Inscriptions emblazoned to order.

In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, plain polished or richly engraved, 4-plate, finely Jewelled movements, Chronometer Balance, specially adapted for all climates. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises by experienced Workmen.

A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS #PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in 15 actions. In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly emblazoned.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturers, 65, Cheapside, London.

## "WILLS'S 33 NAVY CUT

"CAPSTAN" BRAND.



Can now be obtained in 2-oz. Patent Air-Tight Tins.

In Three Grades of Strength, viz.:

- " MILD," Yellow Label.
- " MEDIUM," Blue Label.
- "FULL," Chocolate Label.

As well as in 1-oz. Packets and 1-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins, by all Dealers in Tobacco.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Ltd.,

BRISTOL AND LONDON.

## COLUMBUS KODAKS.

The Lens covers the plate fully, even when the front is raised. It is instantly removable, and can be replaced by a wide augle lens which fits the same shutter,

The Folding Kodaks are now fitted with an iris diaphragm shutter, worked either by hand or by pneumatic tube which has a range of automatic exposures from  $\frac{1}{100}$  of a second to 3 seconds.

A double swing back, sliding front, and falling frontboard are among the improvements. These Kodaks can be focussed with the index, or on ground glass; can be used as hand or tripod cameras; and, in the case of the No. 5 and No. 6 Kodaks, the long or short focus lens can be removed, and a stereoscopic lens and shutter attached in its place.

For Film & Glass

For Film & Glass
No. 4 (for 4 × 5 pictures), £12 12 0
No. 5 ( ,, 5 × 7 , , ), 14 10 0
No. 6 ( ,, 62 × 82 , , ), 22 1 0

THE EASTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS CO. LTD. 115-117 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

France | 4 Place Vendôme, Paris. | Place Grimaldi, Nice.

Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A., Eastman Kodak Co.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

## STEAM ENGINES.

Vertical and Horizontal,
Portable or Fixed.
DONKEY PUMPS. Special DAIRY MACHINERY

E. S. HINDLEY, London Show Room and Stores:

11, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

WORKS: BOURTON, DORSET.

## DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT-BROWN

To be had in Bottles of all Chemists. Imperial Capsuled Half-Pints, 2s. 6d. Pints, 4s. 9d. Quarts, 9s.

For Consumption, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Debility, and Skin Complaints. Sole Consignees-ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., Limited, 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.



## IS THE BEST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED!

It acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousand have been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy. It is a thin plaster, and takes up no room in the boot A trial of a box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure. Boxes 1s, 1½d., of all Chemists. Free for 14 stamps from the Proprietors, M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

ADAMS'S **FURNITURE** 

## THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883. Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,

MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

## FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS. GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, EXHIBITION.

LONDON THE MOST DELICIOUS. NUTRITIVE & DIGESTIBLE. Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES

### THE MEXICAN RENEWER HAIR

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant

Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,

or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

## STATHAM'S WATERPROOFS.



"THE CUN OF THE PERIOD."

TRADE-MARK.
HONOURS, PARIS, 1878; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880;
CALCUTTA, 1884.



QIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and

## BEST TENT for AFRICA

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S Double-Roof Ridge Tent,



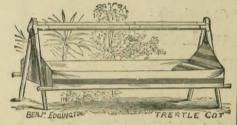
MADE FROM

## GREEN ROT-PROOF CANVAS.

MR. H. M. STANLEY.
MR. H. H. JOHNSTONE,
SIR F. DE WINTON,
CAPT. STAIRS, R.E.,
THE CONGO STATE GOVERNMENT,
THE IMPERIAL BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY, &c.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

Strong Camp-Bedsteads, Chairs, and Camp Furniture of all kinds.



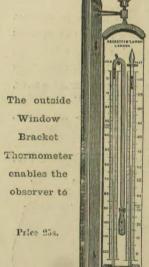
TRESTLE

For Price-Lists and Particulars address

## BENJAMIN EDGINGTON

2. DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

**NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S** SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETERS.



read the Highest. Lowest, and Present Temperatures from inside the House.

and upwards.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,

38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

BRANCHES-45, Cornhill, and 122, Regent Street, London. Photographic Studios-Crystal Palace.

## PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes VIOLET OF PARMA | THEODORA IXORA BREON! AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER

tonic; prevents the hair from falling off ED PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
31. Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W



"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."-London Medical Record. This food, which is malted by a patented process, should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already cooked—requiring neither boiling nor straining.

## Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food.





## PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual FRACRANT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

## POISONOUS DISINFECTANT



"IZAL" instantly destroys Infection in its most dangerous and virulent forms, stops Cholera, Smallpox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scarlet, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick-room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. No offensive smell can exist-near it.—It-can-be used for all disinfecting purposes the same as with the old-fashioned Disinfectants. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing the properties are enormous, and is a samitary necessity and pr

The Gallon Tin will make 200 Gallons of powerful Germ-destroying disinfectant, costing less than One Penny per Gallon.

Sole Manufacturers: Newton, Chambers, & Co., Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield. London Offices: 19, Great Géorge Street, Westminster; and Thorncliffe House, 331, Grøy's Inn Road, W.C. The IZAL Pamphlet, containing simple rules for the Protection of Life and Health, sent Post Free.



DLEY BOURNE, 174, SLOANE STREET, BELGRAVIA.

76 and 78, REGENT STREET, W. NEW PATENT.



An absolutely secure Screw Fastening, for all inter-changeable articles of Jewellery, such as Pins, Studs, Rings, Bracelets, &c. Full Particulars and Illustrations in Catalogue, post free on application.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING,

Without the use of Soap, Water, or Brush

The Label of the Original and Genuine Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground.

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and goodwill, from the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured only at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c. Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.

## COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT. An Original Case of MULHENS'



Case of

THE PUREST AND STRONGEST YET MOST DELICATE EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: estrous of getting a thenuine Cologne cannot.

Large selection of Choicest Perfumer, Tollet Scaps, &c. Quin-tuple - Concentrated Ex-tracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse

Of all Dealers in Perfumes,

LONDON BRANCH:

62, NEW BOND ST., W. to Mr. J. RE And at Cologne,

New York, Odessa.

JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING, WINTER COUGH, and HAY FEVER, and, with a little perseverance, effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent Physicians and Medical Authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children. All Chemists and Stores; Box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, W.